

LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

# MOVIE CLASSIC

APRIL

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MARLAND  
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**GEORGE RAFT**  
**GREATEST IDOL**  
**SINCE VALENTINO**

**HOW MOVIE STARS FIGHT THE GANGSTER MENACE**



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MC 4



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Never fails to use Lipstick—  
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IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth—or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

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If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the

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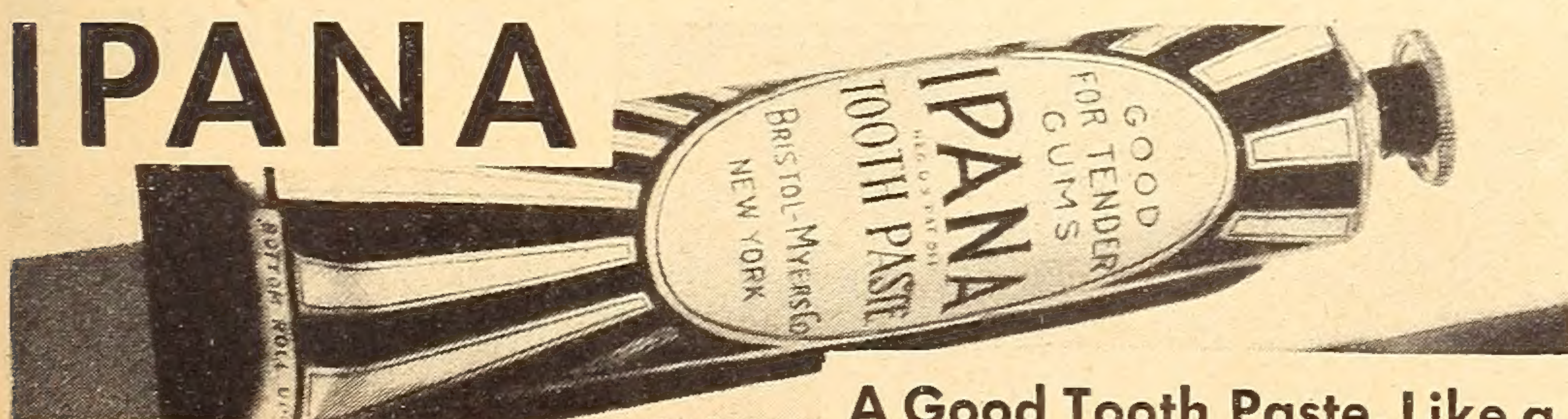
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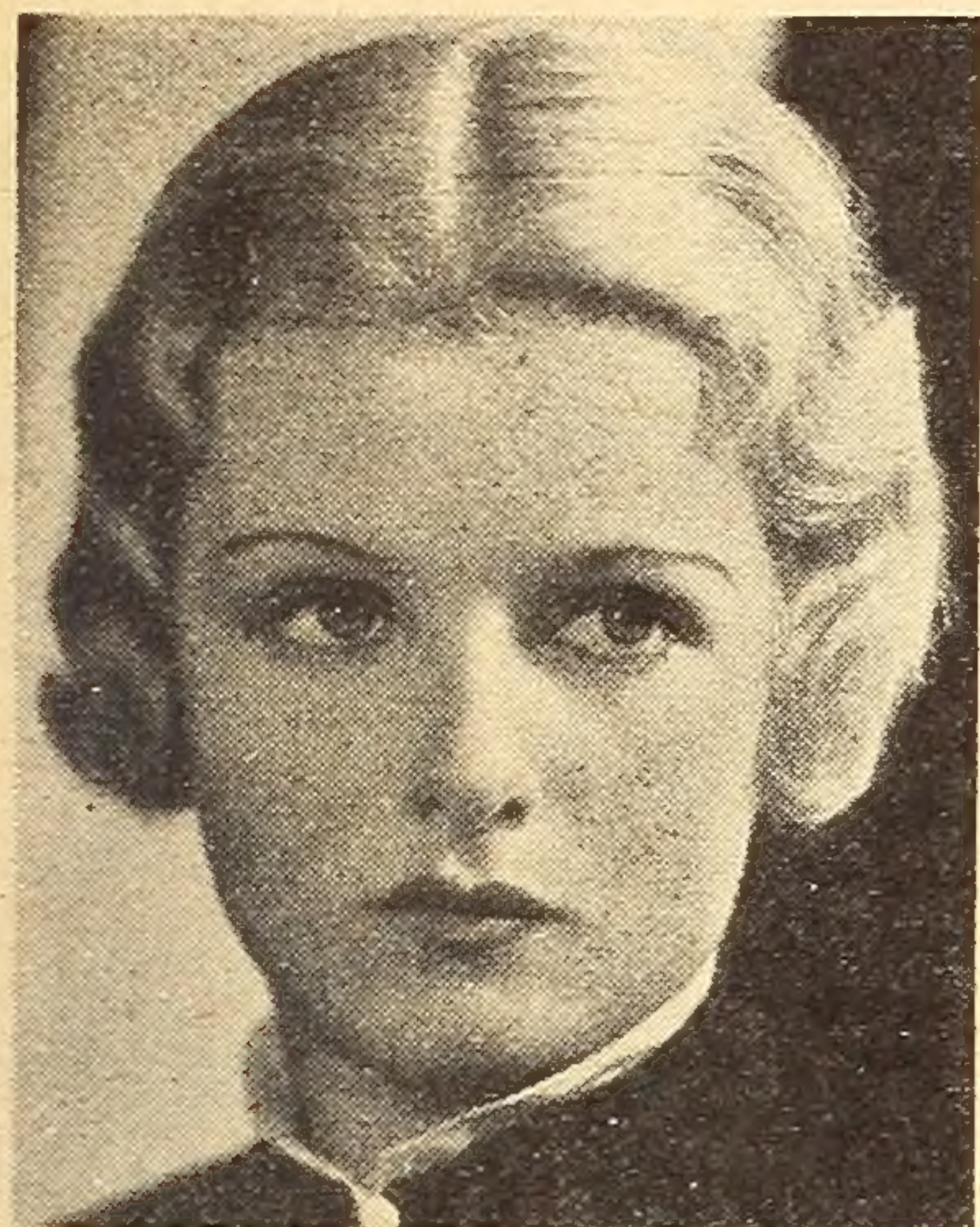
**Directed by Rowland V. Lee**



# MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 4 No. 2

APRIL, 1933



## JOAN BENNETT Has Some New Plans

Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts, was twenty-two in February, and she celebrated with a declaration of independence—stating a desire to be released from her contract. But Joan isn't planning to retire, as sister Connie is (in 1934).

Having played a society girl in "Week-Ends Only," a pioneer vixen in "Wild Girl," and a wise-cracking waitress in "Me and My Gal"—and having won praise from critics in all three of these widely different rôles—Joan has been hit hard by ambition. And she thinks she wants to be free to shop around for rôles she would like to play.

There aren't many stars who would rather take a gamble on their careers than be tied to a nice, big contract—but Joan, being a Bennett, is independent. And an idealist, besides, who wants to be remembered for her rôles, not her face or personality!

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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN BENNETT BY MARLAND STONE

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# Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

## \$20.00 Letter *Deporting the Stars*

THE newspapers of a few days ago carried screaming headlines to the effect that the government was threatening to deport a host of motion picture stars of foreign birth, charging some with illegal entry and others with overstaying their allotted time. As Jimmy Durante would say—the irony of it! These people who by their ability have given us many happy hours via the screen are to be put out while our country is overrun with gangsters, crooks and murderers, also of foreign birth, who laugh at our courts and laws. What a travesty on justice!

It is true that these stars make large salaries, but hasn't this country been made richer by having added the talents of these foreign artists to our great American institution—the screen?

Supposing we did lose all our foreign stars, what would there be left to boast about in the way of native talent? You can't run the entire movie industry with just the Barrymores, who would be the only players left that could hold a candle to such foreign players as Arliss, Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier, Colman, Brook and Laughton.

The movies would not be what they are today were it not for these foreign stars. So would it be asking too much to show our film favorites a little courtesy and show the exit to some of the racketeers?

B.L., *New London, Conn.*

## \$10.00 Letter *Only One Garbo*

OTHER month or so, MOVIE CLASSIC burst forth with a page of lovely ladies who wore Garbo hats and Garbo lashes and Garbo lips and other imitations of our Swedish Darling, and there was that thrilling line of: "Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo—Maybe." Well, it has taken me all these long weeks to get over being mad, but now that my anger has subsided, I want to have a little friendly quarrel with you.

If "Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo," then why are we all holding our breath and crossing our fingers until she returns to America? According to that statement, the world is full of Garbos, all just waiting to be pushed in front of a camera.

Begging your pardon, MOVIE CLASSIC, but I simply must tell you that there is only one Garbo, and there is no other girl who could pass for Garbo, even with the help of your most expert make-up artists. It is true that many girls can make up their lashes in the Garbo fashion, or they can don a Garbo hat or beret—BUT no other girl except Garbo can allow her hair to be stringy and straight-squash a hat over, her eyes, and then toss back her head and hold you spellbound with that deep, rich laugh and that indefinable something that radiates from her every expression and movement.

In the March MOVIE

CLASSIC you have Claire Windsor, who very sweetly wears a Garbo beret and blouse and lashes—but she is still just Claire Windsor. A nice girl, but not another Garbo. For there is only ONE President, one Atlantic Ocean, one Eiffel Tower, one Mussolini, one MOVIE CLASSIC—and ONE GARBO. EDNA LONG, *Highland, Ill.*

## \$5.00 Letter *Pity the Poor Traveler*

IS there a conspiracy to bore and torture travelers on ocean liners by showing them, under the name of "entertainment" the most godawful films?

On the Chichibu Maru, bound for Japan, we had to view antiques from the "barrel," of the era when women wore knee-length evening gowns. Most of the players had long been extinct. Worse than the features were the "unfunny" comedies. Did we Americans feel ashamed?

From Haifa to Alexandria, a rough crossing, not improved by the showing of "The Godless Girl." What *could* such a film mean to Italians and Egyptian merchants whose puzzled expressions were a "scream."

You would have thought I was responsible for each picture shown nightly in the lounge on a White Star liner returning to New York from Liverpool at the way I was "guyed" because from Hollywood. The first was a depression film with Tallulah and Robert Montgomery called "Faithless." Groans from the audience and departures. Next night "The Fugitive from a Chain Gang." "What have we done to get this?" said different ones. Roars greeted the next night, "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Everybody thought it too funny. Yes, and in another film, we had Will Rogers gunning for the fellow that stole his wife. Audible sighs.

Travelers want diversion. Why unload such stuff on them when ocean-bound, from which they can only make their escape by jumping in the sea?

EDITH M. RYAN, *Hollywood, Cal.*

## A Good Idea

AT a time when so many players of minor rôles are stealing scene after scene, we fans are very interested in the entire cast of characters and the names of the people who play these parts.

Occasionally, oh very occasionally, some kind producer repeats the names of the cast at the end of the picture. This is a most excellent idea. However, during the last few weeks I was pleased to note an even better plan. In the beginnings of the pictures "They Call It Sin" and "Central

Park," each player was introduced by his or her photograph accompanied by the name of the character portrayed. Both of these are First National pictures. Won't the rest of you producers adopt some similar plan? Please give us photos of the cast in the beginning and repeat just the names again when the picture is over.

MARGARET FEICKERT,  
*Belleville, Ill.*

## Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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RUBY KEELER  
UNA MERKEL  
DICK POWELL  
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NED SPARKS  
GEORGE E. STONE  
EDDIE NUGENT  
ALLEN JENKINS  
ROBERT McWADE  
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and  
**200 GIRLS**  
Directed by LLOYD BACON

**WARNER BROS! Sensational Musical Hit!**

Coming to your theatre soon... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year



# BETWEEN OURSELVES

**B**ANKRUPTCIES to right of them, bankruptcies to left of them—into the slough of despond ride the movie-makers. Frantically, they cast about, looking for someone besides Mickey Mouse to save them. The old standbys among the stars are trying their hardest—but they're lucky if they're holding their own, to say nothing of gaining new followers. If the movie industry is to be rescued, the newer players are the ones who will do the rescue act. If you must know, they are the ones who are saving it right now.

Back in the old days, women stars were the chief box-office lures. To-day, the men stars and players are the ones who are clicking and making good in a big way. They are the ones that moviegoers rush to see, if they rush to the theatres at all. The newer men players, especially, are pulling such crowds as there are—namely, such players as James Cagney, George Raft, Leslie Howard, Lee Tracy, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, Warren William and Charles Laughton. And not one of them a collar-ad type! These lads, together with such potent personalities as John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Maurice Chevalier, Edward G. Robinson, Will Rogers and George Arliss, are the ones who are bringing back the customers.

**B**UT where are the women? The only feminine newcomers who have clicked to any extent are Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Diana Wynyard. These three girls (especially Helen) have proved they can stir up passionate enthusiasm—which is what draws people into theatres. Ann Dvorak was on her way into this select class, when she stepped out of the movies to take one of the longest honeymoons on record. Jean Harlow is capable of arousing curiosity—but Jean's drawing power has yet to be tested, to see if it depends on anything more secure than curiosity. Of the other newer feminine players, Sylvia Sydney, Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis and Glenda Farrell have possibilities—but even these girls, themselves, hardly have visions of startling the world. Their rivals, for the most part, are just pretty gals, not actresses—who won't supply them with much competition.

**A**MONG the established feminine stars, the ones who have done the most to keep people interested in the movies, it seems to me, are Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding and—Marie Dressler. People will go to see any of these five, no matter what their pictures may be. They won't always do that even for a Garbo, or a Bennett, or a Gaynor. Most of the women stars seem to be marking time, instead of constantly developing. They are being their glamorous selves, instead of actresses. And acting is what people want to see. Look at how they have taken to Helen Hayes—who is an actress first, and Helen Hayes afterward!

**T**HE big stars of an earlier movie day aren't the ones who will save the movies. Their pictures are infrequent now—and they are finding the going a bit tough, themselves. Most of them are revising the personalities that made them famous, in order to sustain public interest. Douglas Fairbanks is now trying travelogues. Mary Pickford is essaying the rôle of a mature woman in "Secrets." Harold Lloyd has just announced that he is convinced that the public wants his spectacled hero to be more sophisticated; he'll change in his next picture. Gloria Swanson, whose pictures are becoming more and more infrequent, is paying more attention to her singing voice.

**N**OW, if ever, people want to laugh—and yet no new comedians are on the rise. There is no new Chaplin in sight to succeed little Charlie. Eddie Cantor and Harold Lloyd and Maurice Chevalier and Will Rogers can't go on forever, the way Mickey Mouse can. William Haines and Jack Oakie have slipped, like Keaton. Chevalier, Cantor, the Four Marx Brothers, Stuart Erwin, Jimmy Durante and Joe E. Brown are the only noteworthy additions the talkies have made to the ranks of film comedians.

And once upon a time, many of the stars were comédiennes. Remember when stars like Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Clara Bow, Alice White and Constance Talmadge used to give the screen one comedy after another? Now, about the only comédiennes that come to mind are Marie Dressler, Edna May Oliver, Alison Skipworth, Zasu Pitts and Mae West. Mae is the only new one of the lot. And she seems to be clicking.

Where are all the comics? Isn't the stage turning out funsters any more?

**A**ND speaking of people who are saving the movies, consider the players who save one picture right after another—players like Zasu Pitts (she heads anybody's list of picture-savers), Frank McHugh, Charlie Ruggles, Guy Kibbee, Irving Pichel, Richard Bennett, Jean Hersholt, Una Merkel, Minna Gombell, Eugene Pallette, Beryl Mercer, John Miljan and Edward Everett Horton. People will walk a mile to see some of these players when they wouldn't cross the road to see the stars in the pictures in which they appear. There ought to be another Academy award—for the best picture-stealing of the year. For picture-stealing is one of the fine arts, too.

**T**HEY have tried animal stuff and horror stuff—and both have gone over with a bang. But animals and mysteries are just passing fancies. The acting art is still supreme and when it finds a big story, it clicks and customers go to the box office. And, in the long run, the movies can't get crowds in any other way. The trick is to hunt for more newcomers with acting experience, instead of trying to teach muscular athletes, sweet stenographers and radio singers the difficult art of acting. For muscular athletes, sweet stenographers and radio singers have a way of remaining their own sweet, simple selves, instead of creating the illusion of being the characters they are supposed to portray.

And when the movies find a good story or a play with a punch, the thing to do is to give the author credit for knowing his own brain-child best and not try to remodel it for him. Look at what happens when the movies do right by the authors, as they did in "Cavalcade," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Cynara"! Nothing alienates audiences more than to advertise that they are going to see a picture based on a novel they have read or a play they have seen, and then show them something that is only a step-cousin of the original. Every well-known and well-liked novel or play that is radically changed costs the movies thousands of customers, and the sooner they realize it, the better off they will be.

*Larry Reid*



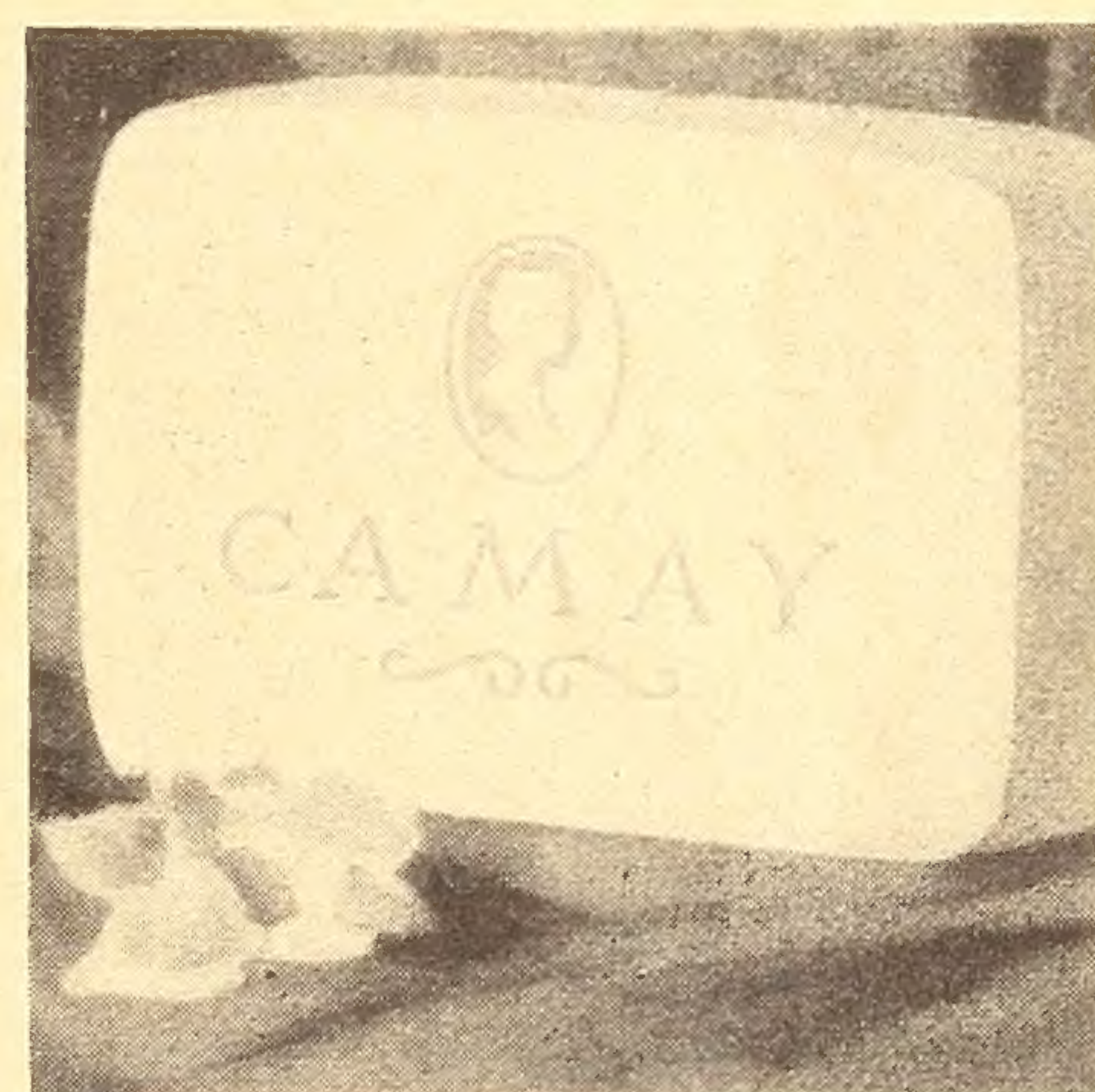
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Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



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• Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

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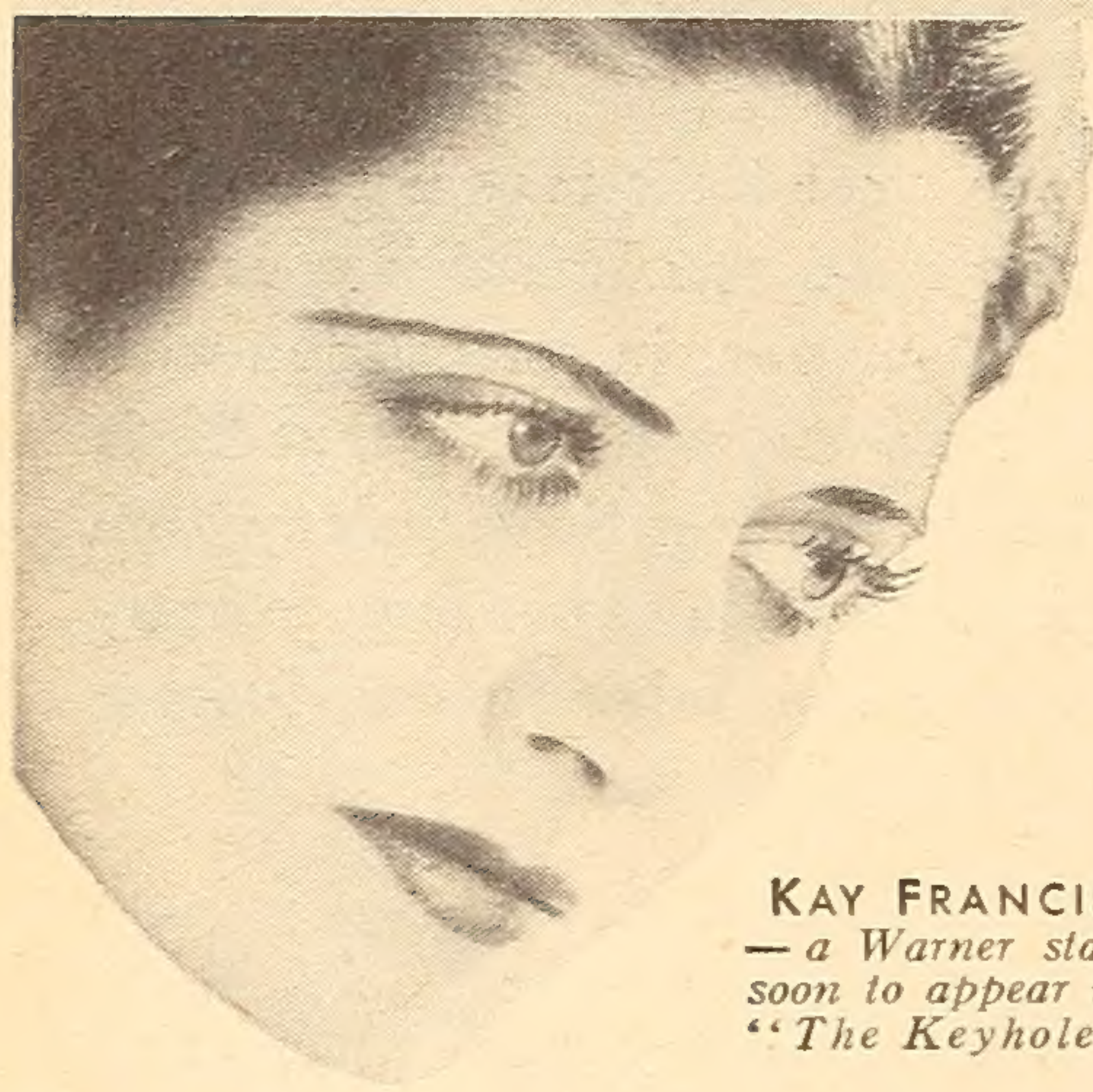
# CAMAY

## THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



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# N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

Goings-On Among the Players

By STACY KENT

FROM long, but not too arduous observation it seems to us that the duller months in a fairly giddy Hollywood calendar are January and February. Maybe the stars are all tired out from too much holiday whoopee, and maybe it's because the weather is a bit chilly for Malibu residence—no matter WHAT the Chamber of Commerce says. When the Hollywoodians are all frolicking together at Malibu there's such lovely gossip going the rounds. When they scatter themselves from Beverly Hills to Los Angeles hill-side villas things are just dull, that's all.

Even Marlene Dietrich is going lady-like on us—well, anyway kind of effeminate. At the last Mayfair party she wore a skirt. It was just a white, sport skirt, but nevertheless, unmistakably a skirt. With it she wore a black tuxedo jacket, a pleated white shirt, and collar and tie. And, horrors, she carried a vanity and was seen to powder her nose. Whoops, Marlene!

THERE HAVE been a few good parties, and it's pleasant to record that the stars are finally getting tired of acting like veddy, veddy ultra characters in a Lonsdale drawing room comedy. The recent parties have been as informal as a rural, fried chicken dinner. Someone played a joke on Elsa Maxwell—about the only new, exciting character in Hollywood—and invited her to a stag dinner. Elsa found out about it and attended, dressed like Einstein. She smoked big, black cigars and didn't even get sick. And because she had complained that Hollywood parties were always too dimly lighted,

the dining-room was lined with kleig lights.

Gary Cooper's farewell party to Mary Pickford and Countess di Frasso was also lots of fun. At the last moment it turned into a fancy-dress affair. Mary arrived in a Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook-Farm get-up, and looked much too young to be staying out that late. The Countess

wore one of Doug's suits, and we THINK that Elsa Maxwell was George Washington. Anyway she wore a powdered wig and satin knee breeches. Bebe Daniels was Harpo Marx, and Harpo was there in a business suit—maybe Bebe had on his working clothes.

Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard and Sari Maritza disdained fancy clothes and wore snappy dinner gowns. And that

quartet of feminine pulchritude arrived at the soirée without escorts. Polly Moran achieved a last-minute masquerade by appropriating some of Gary's trophies—an Indian head-dress and a beaded vest. She said she was Mrs. Sitting Bull.

More fun—and wonder what the house thought of such goings-on. Gary lives in Garbo's former manse, and Gary isn't a recluse—no matter HOW you slice it.

IF Hollywood is dull, society must be even duller. The movie village is over-running with names from the Blue Book right now—and strangely enough the stars aren't so awfully excited about the aristocrats. It's terrible to get blasé, isn't it? However, there is a John Davis Lodge working at Paramount, and a young  
(Continued on page 12)



Coburn

In "Topaze," Myrna Loy scores a fashion "scoop" in a white fur jacket with puffed sleeves, and a "bellhop's bonnet" with a transparent visor. And back on pages 40 and 41, Kay Francis has some new fashion ideas, too



1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

# HELL BELOW

with ROBERT  
**MONTGOMERY**

WALTER HUSTON  
MADGE EVANS  
JIMMY DURANTE

Directed by  
**JACK CONWAY**



Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE**



# Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 10)



Now looks and feels like a new woman, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

**DON'T** let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

## "The internal cosmetic"

An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in liver and bowels and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

See and feel how this tested compound of vegetable ingredients can bring back the buoyant joy of health. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit forming. For listlessness, sallow skin. Nothing better. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

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## GRAY STREAKS Vanish

(Test Bottle FREE)



You can prove it yourself on a single lock snipped from hair. You don't pay a penny. You don't risk a thing. We send Complete Test Package Free. Simply comb on clear, water-white liquid. Gray goes. Lustrous color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde.

Hair stays soft—takes wave or curl. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Entirely SAFE.



**FREE TEST** Why hesitate? 3,000,000 women have received this test. It can be your priceless beauty secret. Just mail coupon.

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—  
3463 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
Color of your hair?.....

scion of the swanky Biddles is stepping out with movie queens. John Hay Whitney may become a producer, and don't be too surprised if you see Mrs. John Hay Whitney on the screen—she's that pretty.

**SOMEHOW**, all of those fancy orgies in "Sign of the Cross" left us absolutely unmoved. We didn't shudder when the Amazon stuck a pitchfork through a pigmy and waved him aloft. We knew it was fake photography. Fredric March's wild party looked about as exciting as lodge night, and even the sight of Claudette Colbert, alluringly immersed in a tub of ass's milk, wasn't so thrilling. We kept thinking how much cold water it would take to get the sticky stuff off.

What really intrigued us no end was the fascinating performance of Charles Laughton as Nero. We were never sure whether it WAS Laughton. Maybe it was Alison Skipworth. Certainly the resemblance was uncanny. One reviewer even commented on the likeness. We don't know what Laughton thought of THAT, but we understand that Miss Skipworth was distinctly burned.

The story still bears repeating of the conversation between C. B. DeMille and Laughton. DeMille waxed eloquent on the subject of religious pictures, stating that they carried a great message, and would cure the ills of this tired, faltering, old world. After a long harangue, Laughton's one comment was—"how cozy!"

**ONE** of those inevitable radio broadcasts of Hollywood news offered a startling tidbit the other night. The broadcast stated that Mae Clark and Neil Hamilton were exchanging "sweet nothings" between

scenes of their picture. It surprised Hollywood. It must have surprised Mae and Neil, and THINK how surprised Mrs. Neil Hamilton must have been.

Incidentally the Hamilton marriage is regarded as a pretty successful merger in our town.

**THESE** new stars just won't act dignified and sit around like a lot of stuffed shirts. They insist on being themselves, and just IMAGINE

anyone being himself in Hollywood. Why; a lot of the stars have even forgotten what they're really like.

Just the other night George Raft attended a night-club, and obliged by doing a tap dance. Think of it—Paramount's new romantic, white hope getting up and doing a tap dance! Catch Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert, or any of the other old-line stars, indulging in such monkey business. And the movie colony still remembers

the horrifying spectacle of Barbara Stanwyck turning flip-flops when she made a personal appearance with her husband, Frank Fay.

Another rebel is Katharine Hepburn, who sort of surprised the folks over at Radio Studios by waiting on tables during the lunch hour. We say sort of surprised them. By this time the studio wouldn't be really surprised if Katharine stood on her head atop the flagpole. We hope she doesn't read this. It would be just like her to up and try it.

**LOLA LANE** isn't Mrs. Lew Ayres any longer. The judge gave her a divorce, and she was awarded the "custody" of \$35,000, and her own clothes. The latter is a bit puzzling to us. Why shouldn't Lola keep her own clothes? Lew wouldn't want to

(Continued on page 82)



Fryer

Will it come to this? Sheila Terry reveals how a girl might go in for masculine styles, and still remain half-feminine—just for dear old television's sake!





★ JOAN BLONDELL

Featured in Warner Bros.

"LAWYER MAN"

and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up  
Genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.

# HOLLYWOOD Tells How to Create Beauty that Fascinates with MAKE-UP in Color Harmony

★ *Make-Up is something different in Hollywood...that is why the beauty of the stars appears so fascinating.*

COLOR harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick is the secret...a new idea in make-up originated by Max Factor...Hollywood's make-up genius. "To enhance charm and attraction, the individuality of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types must be emphasized," explains Max Factor. "To do this, make-up must be in color harmony to accent natural colorings."

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen...and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury...Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

*Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for your complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.*

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## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

*Cosmetics of the Stars* ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder...Rouge...Super-Indelible Lipstick...in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

### How to Make Up Your Lips to Last All Day



KAY FRANCIS,  
Warner Bros. Star,  
using Max Factor's  
Super-Indelible Lipstick



**1.** Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger. **2.** Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together. **3.** Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips...and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value...smooth in texture.

### ★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

3-4-63

| NAME    | COMPLEXIONS   | EYES                           | HAIR  |
|---------|---|--------------------------------|---|
| ADDRESS | Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>                           | Blue <input type="checkbox"/>  | BLONDES   |
|         | Fair <input type="checkbox"/>                                 | Gray <input type="checkbox"/>  | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
|         | Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTES  |
|         | Medium <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
|         | Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTES   |
| CITY    | Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
|         | Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>                             | LASHES (Color)                 | REDHEADS  |
| STATE   | Olive <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>        |
|         | SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>                             | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>  | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |
|         | Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE                            |   |



**SHE BUYS HER CLOTHES  
IN PARIS**



**BUT SHE SWEARS BY THIS  
50c FACE-POWDER**

Nothing is too much trouble for her (nor too expensive) where beauty is concerned. Yet she has found that Luxor is the finest powder she can buy. Its delicate silk-sifted texture gives an even perfection to her skin. Its purity safeguards her complexion. She loves its delicate flower fragrance, La Richesse. (She buys it for her personal perfume, at \$16 an ounce.) And among the perfect Luxor shades she found just the one to bring out her most radiant loveliness. Are you one of thousands who have discovered the greater beauty Luxor brings? You can get it at the nearest beauty counter.

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POWDER**

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX  
but we couldn't make it better for \$5

**CLIP THE COUPON**

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge  
Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.

Check, Powder: Rose Rachel \_\_\_\_\_ Rachel \_\_\_\_\_ Flesh \_\_\_\_\_

Rouge: Roseblush \_\_\_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_\_\_ Vivid \_\_\_\_\_

MC-4 Radiant \_\_\_\_\_ Sunglow \_\_\_\_\_ Pastel \_\_\_\_\_

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**For Blondes only!**

EVERY blonde takes secret delight in the strange power she has over men's emotions. That is why it is such a tragedy when lovely blonde hair is allowed to fade, darken or become streaky. **BLONDEX**, an amazing special shampoo, brings back a lustrous golden sheen to darkened blonde hair. Stringy, unmanageable hair becomes silky-soft and wavy, shimmering with thrilling golden lights. No dye. No harmful chemicals. Amazingly beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it yourself, and see the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair in ten minutes! It costs so little—only a few cents a shampoo! **BLONDEX** comes in two sizes now—the economical \$1.00 bottle and the new inexpensive 25c package. Get one of the 25c packages today at any drug or department store.

**NOW!  
BLONDEX**

IN NEW  
**25c**  
SIZE

# TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



**42ND STREET** Here is a glimpse of backstage life that looks like the real thing, not hokum. And that, I insist, is news. You see the inside drama of a Broadway show in the making—see the comedy, the pathos, the hopes, the jealousies, the grueling hard work of show business. It's refreshing entertainment; it's honest; it has pace. Warner Baxter, as a hard-boiled stage director, is the one who generates footlight fever in all the others—notably, Bebe Daniels, who sings once more, and wistful Ruby Keeler, who dances (and can that gal step!). In lesser rôles you have George Brent, Dick Powell, Una Merkel, Ginger Rogers and Guy Kibbee, who almost steals the picture as the sugar-daddy "angel."

## SHE DONE HIM WRONG

There's a lusty, gusty new personality on the screen—a siren with a sense of humor that has all the surprise and spontaneity of a bomb. Her name is Mae West. And you don't want to miss her as the Belle of the Bowery in those Gay, Gay Nineties, which never seemed so lively before. As a bleached, singing sinner in an old-time saloon, who has a passion for diamonds and isn't particular about wedding rings, she's so human that she's wholesome. And the trouble she has, with the men who can't resist her! There's no gloom with Mae around! It's a *real* picture.

## MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM

They should have saved this one for summer, when some good chills would come in handy. And if you have a memory for faces, you'll wish you had amnesia, after you get a look at Lionel Atwill in his make-up of a mutilated madman who makes wax statues of famous people and prefers to use *dead* models. He has put one over on Karloff, and no mistake. Fay Wray vanishes; Glenda Farrell tries to find her. Will she find her in time? You'll wonder!



**STATE FAIR** Rural America comes into its own on the screen at last, in "State Fair." It isn't another sob-story like "Way Down East" or another Pollyanna yarn like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It's real. And it seems good to get away from the skyscrapers and the underworld, back to the soil. The setting is Iowa. The chief character is Will Rogers, who has Louise Dresser for a wife, Janet Gaynor for a daughter, and Norman Foster for a son. Off they all go to the state fair, in search of excitement and a blue ribbon for Will's prize hog, Blue Boy. Will's witty, but pessimistic crony, Frank Craven, predicts one of them will come home wiser—and unhappier. Janet and Norman have romance troubles with Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers, respectively, and Will has trouble with Blue Boy, which is fast losing interest in life until a big female porker bunks in the next pen. The happenings are colorful; Will is superbly, humanly amusing; and Blue Boy is a panic. Don't miss Blue Boy.



**TOPAZE** This is a holiday for John Barrymore. He gets away from both melodrama and romance; he has a chance to put across some suave comedy, and to prove that he's a swell character actor, like his brother Lionel. He starts out by being an honest simpleton of a schoolmaster, *Professor Topaze*, who preaches ideals to his pupils; he ends up by being a poised, delightful scoundrel, who seems fated to be dishonest, but accepts his fate with a sly grin. There's little action, but what of that? You have sophisticated, clever situations, a fascinating performance by Barrymore, and Myrna Loy bidding for new attention as a creature of glamour. Barrymore's transition from a meek man into a bold one is not only amusing, but believable. Meek or bold, he's always *Topaze*!

**WHAT! NO BEER?** Between them, Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton (who is leaving the screen with this picture—at least for a time) kid the fact that America voted wet at the last election, but still has no beer. Hearing election returns, Jimmy is convinced that now is the time to make both beer and a fortune, and gets Buster to invest his life savings in a brewery. Federal agents and two gangs of racketeers then proceed to make life interesting—not to say hazardous—for them. (And is Jimmy "mortified?") The fun is a bit rough and at times a bit slapstick, but it's still fun. They'll be starring Durante alone pretty soon, or I miss my guess.



# HAVE YOU HEARD *about* OUR OPERATION?

Read the March number of COLLEGE HUMOR and Sense and see this old friend with its face lifted . . . smarter, zippier, funnier than ever. But also with a touch of new sobriety, hot-topic campus thrills from the pens and brushes of such famous writers and artists as these:

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The Editors.



With  
the New March Issue

# College Humor *and* Sense





# HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?



*If it's bad, you won't  
be welcome... Play  
safe... use Listerine*

● How's your breath today? If it is bad, it will keep you out of things... it may mar friendship... kill off a romance... or jeopardize a business chance. *Don't let it do any of these things.*

Play safe... use Listerine, every morning and night and before social or business contacts. Listerine instantly renders your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable to others. It is the one reliable remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

## *Everybody Has It*

Fastidious as you may be, do not make the mistake of thinking that your breath is never bad. Halitosis spares no one, because it springs from such common causes as tiny bits of fermenting food particles on the teeth, unhealthy teeth or gums, and temporary or chronic infections of the nose, throat, and mouth. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it.

## *Only Listerine Succeeds*

Only by using Listerine can you be certain that your breath will not offend others. Cheap, ordinary mouth washes fail in 12 hours to conquer odors which Listerine gets rid of instantly. That has been shown again and again by strict laboratory and clinical tests.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Rinse the mouth with it before social and business engagements. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity and leaves you with a feeling of confidence and assurance. *You know your breath is right.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



# LISTERINE

## INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS... (BAD BREATH)





By  
BETH WALKER

There are show girls and show girls—and there is Al Jolson's wife, Ruby. She was a chorus girl at 13, and a Ziegfeld star right afterward—but she's just the opposite of what you'd expect, even after seeing her as the shy little hit of "42nd Street"!

## Explaining RUBY KEELER (*She's Not What You'd Expect!*)

**A**LL I've got to say about Ruby Keeler is that, if it's an act, it's a darn good one. If it's an act, she has me fooled. If it's an act, she has Al Jolson fooled. Just wait until I tell you about that girl!

First of all, listen to these cold hard facts. She's five feet four, weighs one hundred and five pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair, and is twenty-three years old. She was a chorus girl at thirteen. Just one show after another. She was one of Texas Guinan's girls, dancing every night in La Guinan's whoopee, hot-cha night-club, the El Fey. She stepped right from there behind the Ziegfeld footlights. She's Irish.

Do you have the picture? Sure, I know what you're thinking—a hard-boiled baby, with a fast line of Broadway patter. A girl who can flip wisecracks as fast as the man in Childs' window flips hot cakes.

Well, you're wrong. For here's Ruby Keeler.

Since she and Al Jolson were married ('way back in 1928), they have been in but ONE night-club—and they went that time only because a friend insisted that they go. And she says, in that little, soft, mousey voice of hers, "I hope I get by in '42nd Street.'" (It's her first big picture.) "I've done so little real acting that I'm sure I'm not good. There are so many wonderful actresses in Hollywood. Why did I ever think I had even a chance?"

Well, other Ziegfeld girls, when cornered, have said practically the same words, while you spotted the sophistication in their manner and armed yourself with suspicion, muttering to yourself, "The same old line!" But Ruby, with her air of helplessness, somehow suggested in the innocent appeal of her starry eyes, disarms you. Her elfish charm wins you over, and you *do* believe her.

She says, still in that small, soft voice, "When Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to star me in 'Show Girl,' I thought he

(Continued on page 64)



# GEORGE RAFT—

## *The Greatest Idol Since VALENTINO*

If you doubt it, just read what frenzied women did to see George and to get near him on his recent tour! In Detroit, they mobbed him and tore half his clothes from him. In New York, a society woman tried to give him an estate. One woman broke the lock on his hotel door; another tried to get into his room by the fire escape. One posed as an interviewer to get to him—and gave him his most embarrassing moment. He has a bodyguard to rescue him from desperate admirers. Nothing like this has happened since Valentino's day!



“**O**H, kiss me, please.” A New Orleans girl, who had managed to elude theatre guards, stood inside George Raft's dressing-room and murmured the words. Her lips trembled slightly apart and her arms were flung down in surrender. “Please kiss me,” she repeated. It was no invitation; *she begged to be kissed.*

Raft stared at her in perplexity. This was his first experience of the kind (many more were to follow, had he but known) and he was uncertain about what he should do. Should he be hard-boiled, or should he laugh off the situation? For a breathless moment, he pondered. Then his toe pressed a hidden bell-button and within a few seconds his secretary, thus summoned, entered the room—and escorted the young lady out.

Not since Rudolph Valentino's never-to-be-forgotten personal appearance tour of the country have women created such furore at theatres and hotels as attended Raft's recent visits to several cities. Packed theatres greeted him everywhere. Long lines of women waited for doors to open on early shows. Crowds met George at railway stations, or waited for him outside stage doors. Lobbies of hotels where he stayed were filled with curious, infatuated women.

Hats, handkerchiefs, pencils, lapel flowers, buttons from his clothes, even shoe laces were snatched from his person every time he dared to appear in public. Scores of garments and other personal belongings were taken from his dressing-rooms.

George may not have the physique of a Valentino, but he's all muscle and as fit as a boxer (which he used to be)

### Victim of Souvenir-Seekers

“**N**OTHING of real value was taken,” Raft says. “Just minor things like ties and sox. Once someone took half—the lower half—of a pajama suit, and someone else took a gold collar button. But people weren't *robbing* me; they were only taking souvenirs.”



In every city he visited, Raft was entertained royally. He met social and civic leaders. He dined in their homes and he made many friends among the country's most charming families. But he also came face to face with mobs of women who fought to be close to him. Everywhere, crazed women gave evidence that a new Sheik, every bit as compelling as Valentino, had arrived.

Women who knew that Raft was scheduled to visit or pass through their home-towns wrote him letters and begged to see him. Their purposes ranged from the commonplace to the desperate—some only wished to talk to him as a sister or a friend, but others wrote to him in the language of a Du Barry. Some even made that old threat of suicide if he did not answer—favorably.

One woman telephoned long-distance, from Chicago to New York, to learn when he would visit her city. "I must see you when you are in Chicago," she cried across the thousand miles of wire. "My heart yearns for you."

Raft promised that he would see her, but he had no intention of doing anything so rash. How could he know what to expect from a woman who voiced such insinuations over long-distance telephone?

### His Most Embarrassing Moment

IN Detroit, he was approached by a woman who informed him that she was a radio announcer. "I go on the air twice weekly," she said. "I want to interview you so that I may tell my listeners-in all about you."

Raft was about to start his act, so he politely invited her to visit his dressing-room five minutes after he left the stage. In five minutes, he knew, he could change from his dress clothes into more comfortable lounging garb.

But the woman did not wait. She went at once to the dressing-room and when George arrived, she was calmly seated. He stared at her dubiously and said, "I'm sorry, but I must change clothes." He expected her to reply, "I'll wait in the hallway."

Not that girl. She coolly lighted a cigaret and answered, "Go right ahead. I'll look the other way."

Raft proceeded to change, although he did employ the protection of a screen. Then, clad in lounging pajamas, he seated himself for the interview. And what an interview! It became immediately apparent that she was listening to nothing he said. And suddenly she leaped to her feet and threw off her dress—tore it off, might better describe her action—and stood before him clad only in the very scantiest of undies. She moved toward him—suddenly, impulsively.

But Raft was on his feet when she reached his chair, and that article of furniture stood between them. "Are you crazy?" he demanded—and again his secretary was called to the rescue.

### How Valentino Once Escaped

RAFT'S use of the chair as a barrier is reminiscent of the time that Valentino, confronted by a semi-clad woman, raced to a closet and locked himself



Above, right, the photographic study of Valentino that won him his screen chance. Above, left, Valentino in the robes of "The Sheik." Left, how George would look in the same garb

inside until he heard other voices outside.

One of Raft's most unusual experiences occurred in New Orleans. Two sisters—the older could not have been more

(Continued on page 58)



# How MOVIE the GANGSTER



POLICE CHIEF ROY E. STECKEL of Los Angeles gives this advice on dealing with gang threats:

"Call the police department at once if you are threatened. We will give adequate protection. Don't keep secret any threats you may receive. Secrecy is an aid to gangsters. Publicity, police and sawed-off shotguns will blot them out."



Acme

By HAL HALL

**G**ANGLAND is knocking at the gates of Hollywood—and the movie stars will not let it in! Gangsters, tiring of the small pickings secured from the men and women of ordinary walks of life, and with brains fired by dope and the stories of the fabulous wealth and incomes of the motion picture stars, are reaching their dirty hands toward the stars in an attempt to wrest some of this "easy money" from the picture favorites. How are the stars meeting the menace?

Scores of players are packing guns in holsters and handbags and many of their homes resemble armed military camps. One star has found it very convenient to take a trip to Europe, and while no one connected with the individual will admit it, it is pretty generally known that the reason for the trip is to escape for a time a nerve-wearing defiance of the unseen forces of the underworld.

This assault upon Hollywood by the slinking, murderous members of the underworld has been going on for some time. Thousands of dollars have been demanded under threats of death—and worse. No one can state accurately



Top, Police Chief Roy E. Steckel of Los Angeles, who has declared war on gangland; and Marian Nixon, who aided bandit hunt. Above, Marlene Dietrich and chauffeur-bodyguard she has had since threats. Right, Mac Green, George Raft's bodyguard, Barbara Weeks and George Raft, who's taking no chances

Like Marlene Dietrich and Stan Laurel, death, if they do not meet the demands to terrorize stars with a series of But Hollywood isn't under any Reign of is the whole story about the weapons racketeers, themselves,

how much money has been asked for, but one can safely say that the total demands of the underworld have reached a cool million dollars so far. However—hats off to the picture people—so far as it can be definitely learned, *not one penny of money has been paid over to the members of gangland.* And, judging from the attitude of the movie colony, America's gangsters will starve to death if they expect to eat at their expense.

## Not Under Any Reign of Terror

**F**AILURE on the part of the gangsters to mulct the men and women of Hollywood is due to the fact that these heroes and heroines of a hundred picture dangers, while their knees may be shaking like dried leaves in a chilly Autumn wind, have thrown personal danger to the winds and have dared to challenge the gun-waving gangsters to do their worst. Then they have taken measures to protect themselves and their loved ones—and the gangsters have sat

Wide World





# STARS *Fight* MENACE

other stars have been threatened with of the underworld. Gangsters are trying robberies to make them "come across." Terror—and never will be. And here that the stars are using to put the "on the spot"!

AL HILL, actor-authority on the underworld, gives this advice on dealing with gang threats:

"Never pay a dime to any crook. Notify the police. Next call up the newspapers. Let the crooks know that you will not pay and that the police are waiting for them. Protect yourself and your family with guns and guards, but most of all with publicity."

back like cowardly coyotes, snarling and snapping, but not daring to come out into the open.

There is a man in Hollywood, now a screen player, who is an authority on the underworld. Al Hill was born in the shadow of gangland. He was surrounded by it as he grew up; he saw it at work. Hill knows the underworld. He recently wrote a book, giving the lowdown on gangsters, and it became a best-seller; "Easy Pickings," he titled it. He is called in as technical adviser on many crook pictures. He recently appeared in "The Last Mile" and with George Raft in "Night After Night." And Al Hill declares that the unflinching attitude of the picture stars in answering gang threats is the only way to stamp out gang rule.

"Never pay a dime to any crook," Hill advises. "If you do, you are sunk; they'll be back for more. The thing to do, if you get a threat, is to notify the police at once. Then tell the newspapers



and send a message to the crooks through the press, telling them that you will not pay and that you and the police will handle them if they come.

"The crook hates publicity. Secrecy is what he wants. He has a one-track mind and an over-developed ego. He thinks his plans will work out as he makes them. And if someone crosses his plans, he is licked. No crook will run his head into trouble if he knows it is waiting for him. So, don't keep threats a secret. Protect yourself and your family with guards and guns, but tell the world and the police.

## Inviting Trouble?

"PICTURE stars bring on a lot of the threats, themselves, by their public display of wealth. There are public-

Top, Al Hill as he appeared in "The Last Mile"; and Gary Cooper, who answered gangster threats with a gun. Above, Jackie Cooper and his ever-present guards. Left, Betty Compson and Chief of Detectives Taylor after \$37,500 robbery. Despite threats, she called police—and got back her jewels in a hurry

ity stories of their huge incomes. Pictures are printed of their magnificent estates. A man who is hungry and has a hungry family sees a star get out of a big car at an opening and walk into the theatre, wearing a fortune in sables and diamonds. He thinks to himself, 'Guess I'll try to get that baby'—and there is another crook in the world."

(Continued on page 74)



Acme





# JOAN

## Answers

### *Pointed*

MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, —ranging from health right through to twenty "pertinent" answers. It's

By JAMES FIDLER AND

Either way, Joan coöperated whole-heartedly, and despite the fact that some of Fidler's questions were abruptly frank, she answered him in kind. The results explain many things about Joan Crawford, and also correct a few false impressions.

Read Jimmie's "impertinent" questions (in light italics) and Joan's "pertinent" answers (in heavy Roman type), and learn for yourself:

1. *Did you have an operation performed on your eyes to enlarge them?*

**Joan's answer:** "No." (Laughing.) "I can explain that rumor, though. Another star whose first name is Joan has had serious trouble with her eyes. When she goes to New York, she visits a noted eye specialist there. People, gossiping, have confused the two Joans. First rumors had me going blind, but later reports changed this to the theme of your question."

2. *Why did you use such heavy make-up on your lips in recent pictures?*

"When I first entered motion pictures, I was told that my mouth was too large; consequently, I adopted a style of make-up to make my lips appear smaller. Not long ago I became less self-conscious; I decided my mouth was not too large. Then I went to the other extreme, and used very dark lip-rouge to emphasize my mouth. The effect was far from what I wanted, so now I have found a middle ground—I rouge my lips to their normal size, but use a natural make-up color."

3. *Did dieting nearly wreck your health? Do you diet now?*

"'Foolish' dieting injured my health. I ate condiments until the lining of my stomach was raw. Warned by physicians that I must cease that practice, I decided to 'eat nothing,' and often lived for days on buttermilk. I tore down my physical resistance, and considerable medical care was necessary to gain my recovery."

"I still diet, but sensibly. I eat, but I do not partake of fattening foods."

Joan Crawford is the third star to coöperate with MOVIE CLASSIC to give you a "cross-examination" interview—something new and newsy in interviews. You form your own impressions of a star, without any help from the interviewer. The questions ask things that everybody wants to know about Joan—but they are worded frankly to encourage frank, revealing answers. And the stars who follow her in this series will have to work hard to be any franker than Joan Crawford!—Editor.

"YOUR Questions-and-Answers are certainly causing talk in Hollywood," Joan Crawford told James Fidler when he arrived to pry into her secrets. "When I was informed that I was to be your next 'victim,' I trembled in my boots. But here I am; what are you going to do with me?"

"Well, I might be like a dentist and tell you this isn't going to hurt at all," Jimmie responded, "or else I might act like a fond parent and tell you this will hurt me worse than you."



# CRAWFORD

## Twenty Questions

asks Joan twenty "impertinent" queries  
divorce—and she comes back with  
something new and frank in interviews!

JOAN CRAWFORD

4. *What do you detest reading about yourself?*

"Untruths, and gossip—not only about myself, but about other people. I am honest, and I detest dishonesty. Untrue, unfair gossip infuriates me, and once I tried to fight it. I found fighting did no good, so now I treat it with disdain."

5. *Are you ill? Was your recent trip abroad for the purpose of recovering your health?*

"I was ill; I am not ill now. I throw myself into my work with such intensity that my nerves are punished severely. When I went to Europe, I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown. The trip proved so beneficial that I am determined to repeat it annually."

6. *Have you and your husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., reached an understanding by which each agrees that the other may visit public places attended by someone else?*

"Yes. We are intelligent enough to permit outside friendships without absurd jealousy."

"We are engaged in a unique business. There have been periods of months at a time when our individual production schedules have rendered it impossible for us to go out often together; consequently, we understand each other when we seek companionship elsewhere during such times."

"Unfortunately, many people do not agree with us, and there have been ridiculous, unjust rumors following such appearances."

7. *What changed you from the good-time, dance-contest girl of a few years ago to the present dignified Joan Crawford?*

"I do not believe I have changed, except to undergo the natural alterations that time brings about. I should love to take part in dance contests now, but Hollywood hotels and restaurants no longer have them."



Joan claimed she dreaded Jimmie's questions—but when he started popping them, she enjoyed them. They gave her a chance to set people straight about a number of things!

"Don't forget, too, that I work much harder now; I have less time to play at night."

8. *Do you ever intend to have children?*

"Thousands of them! I love them. I coddle strange babies on streets. Mothers must dread me, the way I spoil children who work in my pictures."

9. *What is the limit of your ambitions?*

"Ambitions have no limit. Once I asked a friend the very same question, and he enumerated the things he wished to do. Suddenly, I realized that he was not *ambitious*; he merely had *aims*. There are always newer, higher goals to strive for, and no person has ever achieved perfection."

10. *Do you think a woman should be jealous of a man's past, or he of hers?*

(Continued on page 62)



# LEGS! Do They Have to Show Them?

**B**Y their legs shall ye know them—till they're famous." There is no Hollywood axiom as unchanging as that one. Its corollary is: "Maybe a girl has talent, but it's certain she has legs." That's why you so often know that a beginner has a figure before you learn she has talent; they attract your attention by the legs and then hope to reveal enough talent afterward to hold your interest. That's how you first met Joan Crawford, for one. And Constance Bennett, for another. That's how you're likely to meet any girl beginner in the movies. And it's a rare girl who rebels, as one girl is now doing—for legs ARE good publicity.

Other rules may come and go, but since the movies began, there has been no variation in the method of exploiting filmdom's cuties by the ample display of legs. "Leg art," they call it in Hollywood. In more polite English—if one can be polite about the subject—this means photographs of dimpled darlings taken in such revealing poses that no one bothers to look at the dimples.

Every young newcomer, the moment her contract is signed, is rushed off to the portrait gallery to have her face and figure immortalized by the still-photographer. The question of how much face is to be shown, and how much figure, depends on how good the figure is. If it surpasses expectations, they take "drape art"—a single strip of shimmering cloth acting (purposely) as a somewhat ineffectual drape.

There are precious few

When they're stars, actresses can cover their legs. But when they're newcomers, they have to reveal them—to attract attention. It's one of the Hollywood rules. Joan Crawford and Clara Bow and Marlene Dietrich—yes, and all the others—obeyed it when they started. But Glenda Farrell is a rebel. She's going to fight to win attention by acting alone. Can she do it?

MARLENE  
DIETRICH

JOAN  
CRAWFORD

GLEND  
FARRELL

JEAN HARLOW



exceptions to the rule that this is the one surefire way for any new actress to gain immediate publicity. Such exceptions are nearly always dictated by the physical inability of the unfortunate few to look at their best in the semi-nude. Sometimes even this drawback to fame and fortune may be overcome by adroit posing and clever lighting effects. Then, too, retouching of photographs may play a part.

### Where Leg Views Are Welcome

IT is a matter of record that occasionally a demure young actress protests the taking of "leg art." But to her plea that maybe her talents will be recognized without the removal of clothing to display them, the publicity men have a score of ready answers—and proceed to give them.

They point to the avid newspapers that have long livened up their pages with striking examples of feminine beauty. They call attention to the numerous cases of lady murderers and divorce-seeking wives who have won their freedom just because judges and jurors could not resist the appeal of silk-clad knees. They prove the ease with which any bathing beauty, if not fat and forty, can crash

more gentlemanly attire, to the chagrin of millions. How Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Nancy Carroll, Carole Lombard,

ALICE WHITE

KAY FRANCIS

HELEN TWELVETREES

CLARA BOW

NANCY CARROLL

JOAN BLONDELL

into print. They even point out the penchant of society women for perching on boat rails before facing the

ship news cameras on returning from Europe.

And if these arguments fail to impress the little lady, then the press-agents take to enumerating the great names of the screen who began their ascent to fame upon their own legs. They mention, first off, such stellar lights as Lupe Velez, Lili Damita, Fifi Dorsay, Alice White, Thelma Todd, Joan Blondell, Arline Judge—all hot-cha girls whose figures are as familiar as their faces, and who find that this state of affairs is most profitable.

Marlene Dietrich's incomparable legs are recalled. "Legs" Dietrich was her nickname before she took to

Billie Dove and Claudette Colbert have looked in abbreviated costumes is comparatively easy to remember. Jean Harlow's fame is not entirely concerned with her figure, but "drape art" was what first brought attention to her. And it was the same with Clara

Bow—and very nice art it was, too, if you remember.

Then it is pointed out that a good deal of Mary Pickford was displayed in "Kiki." And after Mary comes the long list of demure youngsters like Mary Brian, Dorothy Jordan, Loretta Young, Leila Hyams, Marian Nixon, Gloria Stuart and Fay Wray, all of whom were revealingly photographed early in their careers.

### Didn't Hide Them Once

THE roster runs on to include stars who once had knees. Though you may have forgotten—stars like Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Helen Twelvetrees. Stories are told about the time Dorothy Mackaill, wearing only two ounces more attire than Lady Godiva and much less hair, rode through Hollywood atop a float; and about the time Constance Bennett was one of the chorus girls in "Sally, Irene and Mary." True, when these girls became famous, they also became self-conscious, hid their legs, and found more subtle ways of revealing sex appeal—but they all got their start toward fame by revealing obvious shapeliness and displaying sensational poise.

Norma Shearer played drab little stenographers on the screen for years. She wished to change her characterizations and called in photographer George Hurrell. He took pictures of her such as had never been taken before. The portraits revealed a new personality and a considerable portion of Norma, herself. Upon publication, the art was received with "oh's" and "ah's" by Shearer fans and, on the strength of this reception, she changed her rôles to become a leader of film sophisticates.

Generally, having reached this stage of their arguments,

(Continued on page 72)



# "I'll Never Divorce Frank Fay!" Says Barbara Stanwyck

"And Hollywood can't make me do it!" she adds, with fire in her eye. "That's a challenge!" For Barbara is fighting mad about the way the gossips are trying to fix up a separation for her and otherwise meddling in her married life. And in this frank interview she drops some remarks that should convince you that she means what she says—and make you wish you knew a girl like this!

**T**HEY can't separate us and they might as well quit trying. They can jabber as much as they please, say whatever comes into their heads, gossip from now till Doomsday. But the fact remains: I'll never divorce Frank Fay! And Hollywood can't make me do it. That's a challenge. If I can't stay married and stay in pictures, I'll get out of pictures. One more crack about Fay, and I will anyhow."

Barbara Stanwyck speaking, ladies and gentlemen. "Burning" would be a better word. And when Barbara burns, she speaks her mind without fear or favoritism.

The causes of the current conflagration were the recently-circulated reports that all was not well in the Stanwyck-Fay ménage. In some quarters, the rumors reached print, hinting, rather broadly, that a divorce was contemplated. Denials from both parties failed to quell the "insiders."

"I'm a fugitive from the columnist gang," says Barbara. "Fay and I"—she always calls her husband Fay, never Frank—"try to live our own lives. We never are seen in public, seldom leave our home in Brentwood. We have no friends among the movie crowd, which means we don't attend their parties or give parties to them. What few friends we have are old acquaintances from Broadway."

"You'd think that this clique of Hollywood gossipers would let us alone. They have nothing to gain by dogging



our footsteps. We are only normal people, leading normal lives. Except for our connection with the picture industry and the stage, we might be Mr. and Mrs. Suburbanite, no different at all from your next-door neighbors. Well, maybe, a little different. We wouldn't have to borrow a cup of sugar.

## Victim of "Peeping Toms"

**U**NDER ordinary circumstances, an attitude such as ours would be respected. But Hollywood is not an ordinary community and has utterly no respect for anything. The place gets in your hair.

"If you remember 'The Front Page' as a play or picture, you will recall that one of the biggest laugh lines came when a reporter telephoned to ask some woman, 'Is it true, madam, that you were the victim of a Peeping Tom?' Had this reporter called me, I should have shouted a loud and emphatic, 'Yes, almost continually.'

"Now, understand me. I have no quarrel with newspaper men. Some of them have been very kind to us; even some columnists have been. They are only doing their jobs by investigating tips that

might lead to news. It's how they make a living.

"I don't blame those reporters as individuals for calling me recently to ask if it were true that I was divorcing Fay. It must be admitted, however, that it is exasperating when the calls for one morning total seventeen by actual count. My temper had

(Continued on page 60)

By JACK GRANT

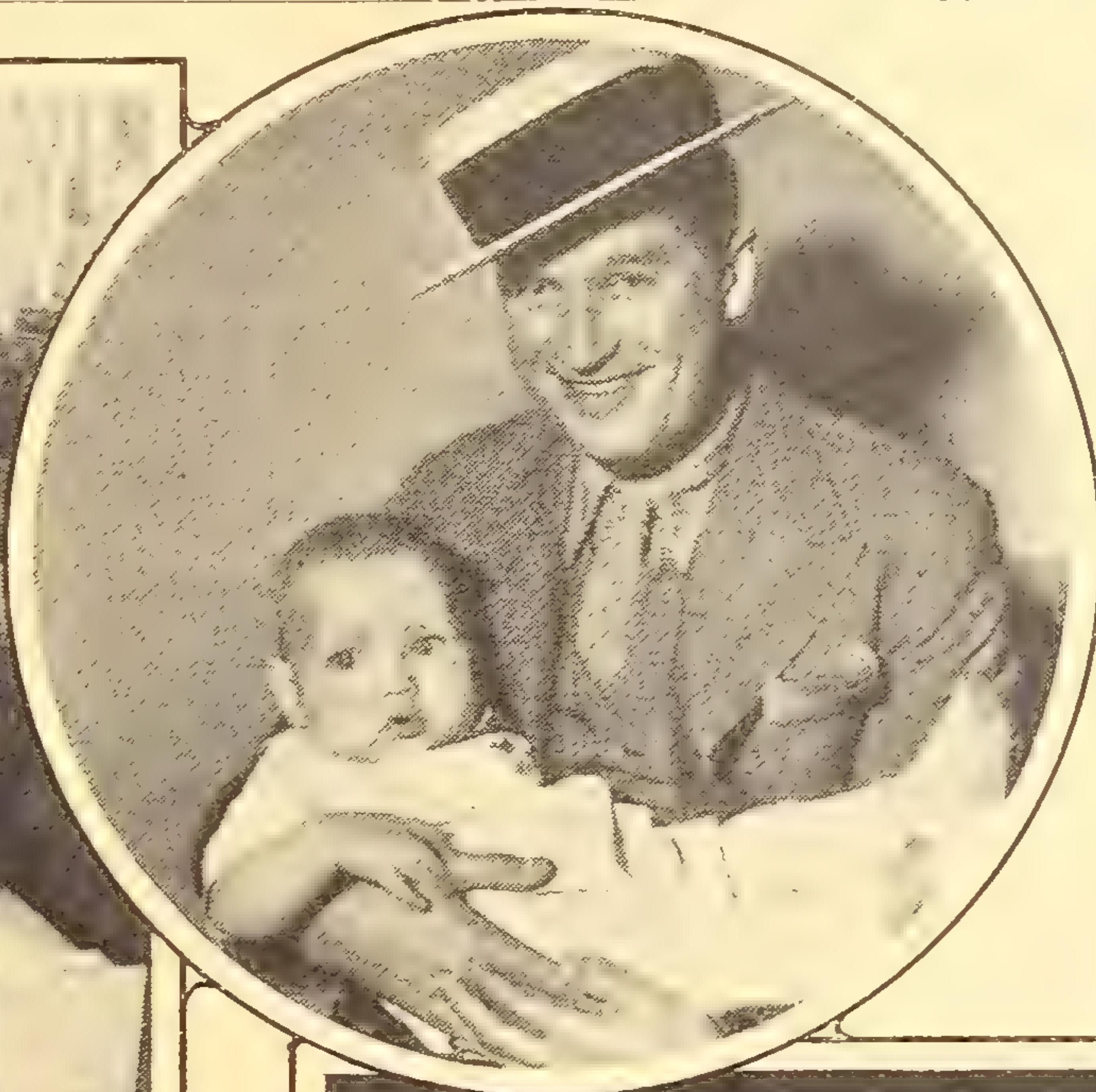


◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆



Acme

If you were a stenographer in a movie studio and had a chance to act, wouldn't you give your typewriter a farewell kick? Well, that isn't what Mozelle Brittone (above) intends to do. She'll act, but she'll keep the old job, too—between scenes. She's 22 and red-headed



No, Maurice Chevalier (left) isn't the latest star to adopt a baby—but when Leroy Weinbrener grows up he'll have \$2,000, thanks to Maurice. For Leroy, 8 months old, gurgled his way into the rôle of Chevalier's "heir" in "A Bed-time Story," winning over 1,000 rivals. That lower lip did the trick. His mother is a 16-year-old widow



Imagine having to introduce George Raft or Warner Baxter to a Hollywood audience! But it's an old Hollywood custom — so James Dunn, broadcaster at the opening of "Cavalcade," does his duty



Globe

And who do you think this dangerous-looking siren might be? Nobody else but Greta Garbo—as she looked when her name was still Gustafsson and she was a shopgirl in a Stockholm department store. This photo was just unearthed in Stockholm, where she has been getting cables from Hollywood: "Hurry back!"



International

Left, Lupe Velez, in New York to play in a revue, steps out with Johnny Weissmuller, who flew East to see if she was lonely. And they're still claiming that they're "just friends!"



# ♦ THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES ♦



It looks like wedding bells for Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill (right)—if the bells haven't rung already. They're seen everywhere together, looking as happy as newly-weds. It wasn't so many months ago that Chaplin's former leading lady was to wed a New York millionaire!



Lili Damita (left) resting after a fling at Broadway, gives Palm Beach the once-over. While South, she also decided to see Havana with Sidney Smith, New York broker. A "Follies" beauty had the same idea—and was Lili mad? There was a near-riot!

Is Alexander Kirkland head man with Boots Mallory (above), now that she is divorcing Charles Bennett? No, Alex is just leading her to work in "I Am Guilty of Love." Wonder if James Dunn is jealous?



Marian Nixon surprised Edward Hillman, Jr. (with her, below) when she sued him for divorce, charging cruelty and interference with her career. She asks no alimony. The baby they adopted a few months ago will go back to the orphanage



When Maurice Chevalier took Marlene Dietrich to a première recently, Marlene wore mannish attire—even to the shoes. And Maurice kidded her, as you can see. So next time she wore a skirt—but a divided skirt!



International

Wide World





Grant Withers and his wavy hair seem to catch the eyes of all the new girls—and if you don't believe it, just take a look at Peggy Hopkins Joyce (left). Peggy, who has just written a novel about "a man I could fall in love with," is in Hollywood to appear in "International House"—her first talkie



Wide World

With Gary Cooper looking on, Mary Pickford touches up the lips of Countess Di Frasso, who has been visiting her. The trio have laid plans to meet abroad, where Mary has gone to join Douglas Fairbanks

International  
Now they're making a "nudist" movie (right)!—with Vera Marsh as "Eve," Eddie Foy, Jr., as "Adam," and H. H. Rogers 3rd and H. McCracken as the producers. They call it "An Old-Fashioned Garden"—and hope the censors will stir up talk!



Mary Carr, who played the mother in the silent version of "Over the Hill," is now living much the same rôle in reality—misfortune forcing her to vacate her modest home. But in real life her children are all staying with her (below)



Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, so playfully happy here, have come to the end of the marital road—and Lola now has a divorce, which, she testified, Lew often urged her to get if she didn't like what he did



# LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST BY DOROTHY MANNERS

**T**HE day following her arrival in Hollywood, the Fox company threw a tea for Lilian Harvey and the little British girl made a hit in a big way. Although exhausted



As a "Picture Snatcher," James Cagney gets "the works," himself—with Alice White vamping him



Lippman

Joe E. Brown must like baseball. He's a comic baseball rookie in "Elmer, the Great"—and he has bought a partnership in the Kansas City team!



Over from Paramount to make "To-day We Live" with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper matches "war" notes with Clark Gable, who's now saying farewell to Helen Hayes' arms in "The White Sister"

from her long trip, she smiled and shook hands, cordially, like a tired child being polite. The large collection of diamond bracelets on her wrist and the huge diamond ring on Lilian's finger were not so childish. Never has Hollywood seen a diamond ring as large as her canary solitaire. Besides the diamonds, the rest of her ensemble consisted of a brown suit and dress of the Russian motif... with which she wore small brown boots. The other big shock was that her hair appears to be "naturally" blonde, without benefit of touch-up. This makes Lilian the first real blonde that Hollywood has seen in many a day.

A great number of the attending press tried to argue with Lilian that her "accent" was not very "English." Many of our most American actresses speak much more "broadly" than the little Britisher from over the Rhine. She also speaks German and French fluently and expects to make her own foreign versions of her pictures. She's a star linguist and a linguistic star!

**I**T'S a girl at the Richard Dixes' and they are going to name her for her two grandmothers. "Rich" is tickled to death—he was hoping it would be a girl all along!

**"CAVALCADE"** had a tremendous opening night at *Grauman's Chinese* with half the local population decked out in ermine and emeralds while the other half patiently stood on the sidelines, watching the parade. And, what's more, Hollywood, along with New York, is crazy about this picture. It is one "epic" that really rates with the home folks. Diana Wynyard was a big hit, as were Clive Brook and other members of the excellent cast.

Will Rogers in a plain "business suit" was master of ceremonies and added to the festivities with his witty quips. It is the first appearance Will has made on the stage of the *Chinese* since his great *faux pas* of burlesquing Greta Garbo (along with Wally Beery) at the opening of "Grand Hotel." Will's opening remark was:

"Hello, folks! I bet you never ex-

pected to see me here again..."

He went on to say that he was real sorry about the Garbo stunt, but that as far as he personally was concerned, he'd just as "leave" look at Wally Beery any day. The audience seemed to get a real laugh out of







The breaks are coming to the four girls above. Left to right, Helen Twelvetrees is Chevalier's new leading lady in "A Bedtime Story"; Wera Engels, German newcomer, wins Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper"; Fay Wray gets the biggest chill in "King Kong"; and Genevieve Tobin is featured above all the rest in "Pleasure Cruise"

Will's "ribbings" this time.

TWO nights after "Cavalcade" opened, a mix-up in an evening engagement took us to the same theatre, and the same picture again. And the celebrities on hand on this "off night" were almost as plentiful as they were at the premiere.



Bert Str

Clyde Beatty, Hollywood's newest thriller-giver, handles two lionesses at once when they rush him in "The Big Cage." It's all in the day's work for Clyde!



Lippman

Back from his trip East to see his mother, who was ill, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., steps out with Joan Crawford to an opening. Those "rift" rumors just don't jell!



In any line-up of pretty legs, you can't leave out Jimmy Durante—those M-G-M girls won't permit it!

Eleanor Boardman, in a gorgeous mink coat was there with director Harry D'Arrast. The Sam Goldwyns sat in front of them. Sally Blane and Loretta Young, with two boy-friends, were also among those present.

Just before the lights went down,

Johnny Weissmuller arrived all by his lonesome! Lupe Velez must have been out of town, or maybe she was on one of her habitual "mads" with her current flame. Anyway, Johnny didn't try to get even by taking another girl to the theatre!

THE other afternoon at tea time, an ambitious Hollywood news photographer just happened to be passing the Hollywood *Brown Derby* in time to discover Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. as they were leaving the restaurant. It seems that Joan and her pappy-in-law had been enjoying a long, serious family talk over a café table.

OF course, it sounds trivial and silly, but Hollywood just can't help wondering if the good old game of bridge had anything definite to do with the separation of Lew Ayres and Lola Lane!

(Continued on page 62)



# Has America Declared War on ALL Foreign Players?

Murray W. Garsson, Special Assistant Secretary of Labor, has been investigating every foreign player in Hollywood—and several are about to leave. But how does the government determine which players are to be deported? He tells you in this story—and prophesies a law to ban all alien players except those of the first rank, like Arliss and Chevalier, whose places could not be filled by Americans!

**T**HE panic is on in Hollywood's foreign colony. And it is not Old Man Depression that is causing it, either. The cause of said panic is a gentleman named Murray W. Garsson, Special Assistant

Secretary of Labor, who journeyed from Washington to see what foreign stars, and would-be stars, are in America illegally—and to see that these players hasten back to their native lands as rapidly as they can arrange their affairs and secure transportation.

The result is that scores of foreign players are digging up immigration papers, long since dusty, and are attempting either to set themselves right with the American government, or depart as gracefully as possible. It was probably only a coincidence that the Marquis de la Falaise and his wife, Constance Bennett, started for Europe three days after the immigration authorities sent for Henri. But within a couple of months the Hollywood foreign group will be much—very much—smaller than it is now.

According to Mr. Garsson, every foreign player, writer, director and technician in Hollywood will be investigated; and if any are here without the proper permits from the Immigration department, they will be asked to leave immediately.

"I would not even venture a guess as to the number of foreign players illegally

in Hollywood," Mr. Garsson told me. "There are so many of them that any man's guess is as good as mine. And these people will have to get out and go back where they belong. We are now 'requesting' them to leave.

If they do not do so, we will arrest them and deport them. We will stand for no foolishness. We mean business."

All Subject to a Quiz

**A**MONG the foreign players now in this country whose status is being investi-

## EXPLAINS UNCLE SAM'S STAND



Keystone

**MURRAY W. GARSSON**, Special Assistant Secretary of Labor, who has been investigating Hollywood's aliens, says, "I would not even venture a guess as to the number of foreign players illegally in Hollywood—there are so many of them. These people will have to get out and go back where they belong. We are doing this to protect American actors and actresses. We do not object to the bringing of a player like Chevalier here to do a part no one else can do. But we do object to hordes of players coming here and settling, many of them illegally and, while claiming allegiance to another flag, taking the work that is so badly needed by our own players."

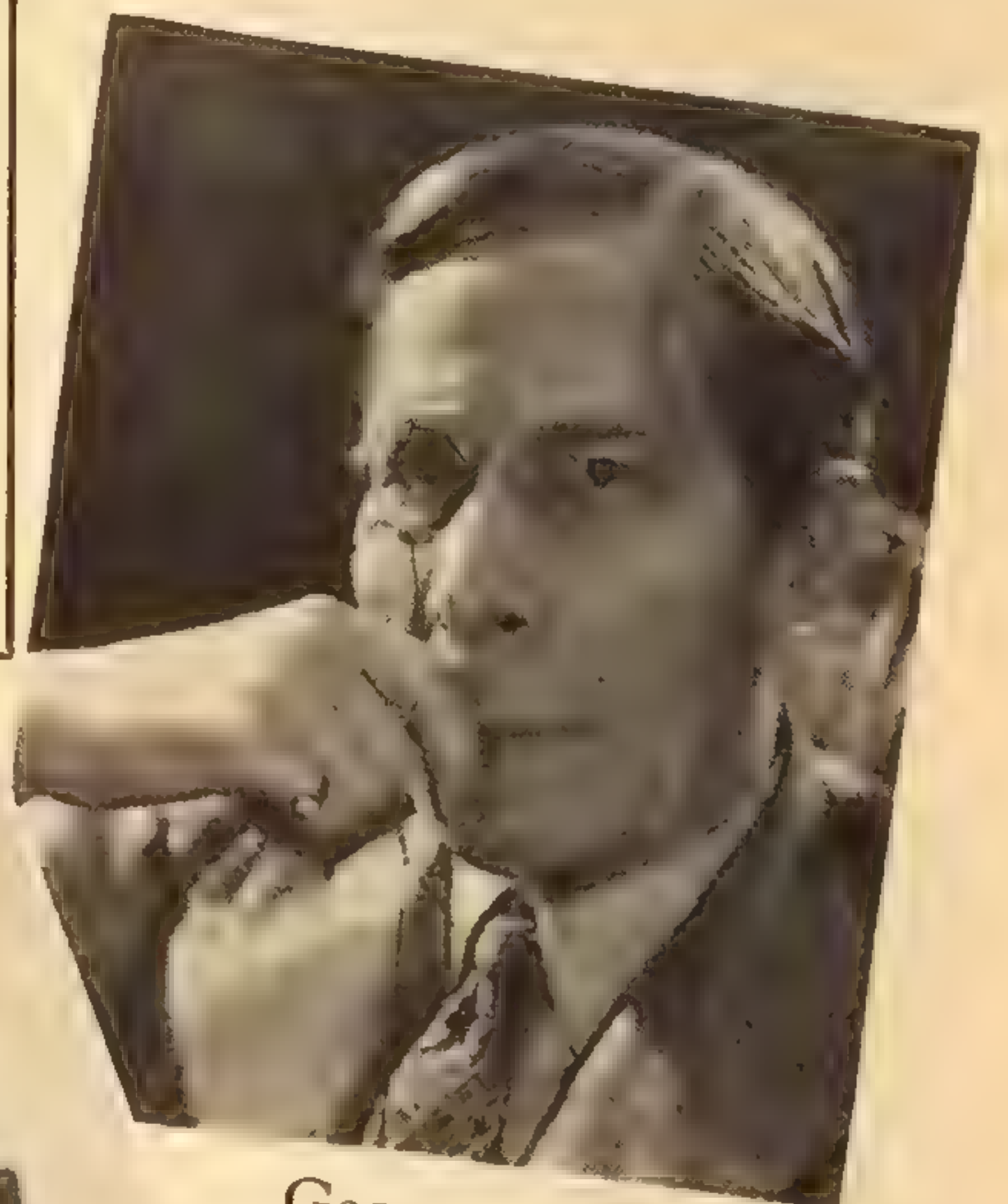


Ronald Colman

Greta Garbo



John Farrow



George Arliss

gated are: George Arliss, Charles Chaplin, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich, Lupe Velez, Lili Damita, Maurice Chevalier, Gregory Ratoff, Maureen

O'Sullivan, Nils Asther, Tala Birell, Anna Sten, George Brent, Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Frank Lawton, Mona Maris, John Warburton, Leslie Howard, David Manners, Colin Clive, Herbert Mundin, Ursula

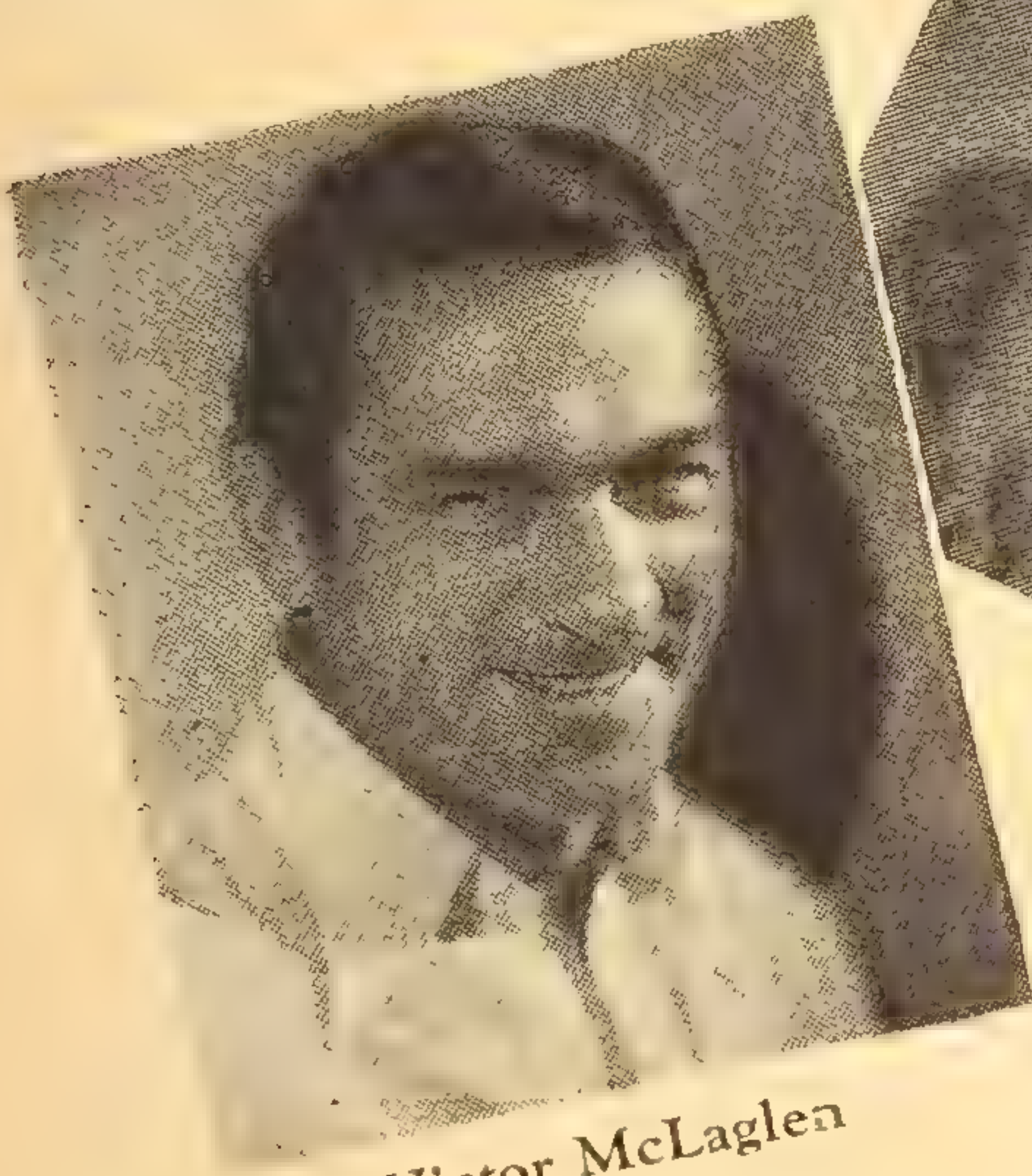




Above, Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise sail for France—to get Henri a new visitor's permit, presumably



Marlene Dietrich



Victor McLaglen



Charles Chaplin

Jeans, Lyda Roberti, Paul Cavanagh, Benita Hume, Ivan Lebedeff, Lilian Bond, Gwili Andre, Ralph Forbes, Wera

Engels, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Sari Maritza, Paul Lukas, the Marquis de la Falaise, and a horde of lesser acting lights, together with writers, directors and technicians. In short, the papers of all the foreigners are being checked—particularly those who do not have long-term contracts with any studio, for studios usually take pains to make sure that their foreign stars' papers are in order.

This drive against the foreign players has been prompted, Mr. Garsson says, by protests on the part of the Actors' Equity Association and the Lambs Club of New York.

"These two organizations have been hot after the Department of Labor in Washington for a long time," said Mr. Garsson. "They have been protesting against the influx of foreign players who, they declared, were taking the jobs that belong to Americans.

"We have been very kind to the foreign players," said Mr. Garsson. "We have tried to show every courtesy possible. We would grant a player a six-months permit. In scores of cases, these players took advantage of us and stayed on and on without even thinking of re-

newing the permit. They just took things into their own hands. We are stopping this now. We are doing this to protect American actors and actresses. It would have been done long ago if native-born players had dared to voice their protests. I have asked American actors why they have kept silent. They explain that they have been afraid to speak because they feared reprisals from Those Higher Up and from the studios. They need not fear that any longer, for the studios are cooperating with us fully."

Studios are gladly supplying records of when their foreign workers entered this country, so that the investigators can check with the files of entry permits in their possession.

#### Says Some Benefit Unfairly

"IT is shameful," Mr. Garsson adds, "the way some of the foreign players have abused their privileges here. Scores of them with no jobs in sight have come to Hollywood and free-lanced, taking the work that otherwise would have gone to Americans and gradually building up reputations at the expense of our own people. A lot of them would act for less money than the Americans have been accustomed to; naturally, the assumption is that the work would go their way."

And to show that the government and Mr. Garsson mean business, John Farrow, writer, born in Australia, was arrested the first week that Mr. Garsson was in Hollywood. He was a surprised young man when the blow fell. He was dancing at an exclusive night-club. In his arms was the bewitching Mona Maris. A dreamy waltz was playing. They were gliding over the floor, murmuring the usual nothings, when an immigration officer tapped Farrow on the shoulder. He stepped outside and was under arrest on charges of illegal entry.

That is what will happen to all of the foreign players and others in the film business who are here illegally and who do not depart willingly. That is why the panic is on.

Already, more than twenty players, some of them prominent, have promised Mr. Garsson that they will leave. They are being given sufficient time in which to straighten up their personal affairs. If they overstay that time, the heavy hand of the law will fall, and they will be given transportation they do not expect or like.

The Dickstein Bill, now before Congress and admittedly about to be made into a law, will solve the foreign player problem, Mr. Garsson says, and will make changes that will greatly

(Continued on page 66)

By FRANK CATES



# LOVE? It's Just a Jig-Saw Puzzle to MIRIAM HOPKINS!

BY  
FAITH SERVICE

"I HAVE no idea what Love really is, or why," says Miriam Hopkins. "I think most of us are much too worrisome about all these fevers peculiar to mankind. I think it is more important—and certainly wiser—to have a sense of humor, about the whole of the passing show, and let it go at that."

And that, in case you haven't heard, is Miriam Hopkins.

Beneath that naturally wavy corn-silk hair, there is a brain—with the ingredient of a bubbling sense of humor thrown in for more than good measure. When interviewers see Miriam, they forget the usual questions about sex appeal and rumors and decide "the time has come to talk of other things."

This Hopkins girl knows *Important People*. She is *er*, sophisticated, animated and very much amused by the passing show. She doesn't take our little human race too seriously. She thinks we are all, every one of us, "rather funny." She includes herself. In a world given over to long-faced depressions of one sort or another, the thistle-down spirit of Miriam comes as a fresh relief.

Miriam doesn't wax weighty over *anything*. When I asked her, for instance, why she had adopted a baby, thus starting an epidemic of adoptions in Hollywood, she said, "I really don't know. There was no sense of a Mission in Life attached to it, certainly. I *hope* not—Missions in Life are such dreary things.



She may never marry again, asserts Miriam—but on the other hand, she may marry again tomorrow. She claims she doesn't know much about love—or what goes to make a happy marriage. But Miriam, who adopted a baby just because "it would be jollier to have a baby around the house," isn't the one to worry about it. Here's a new slant on one of Hollywood's brightest stars!

"I am not passionately maternal, so it wasn't that. I am certainly not the type to seize my little one to my heaving bosom and shower endearments upon him. I felt no conscious Yearning—always with a capital 'Y,' you know—for the patter of little feet. I didn't feel that I owed it to the race, or to life, or even to myself to take unto myself an infant. I wasn't lonely. I haven't time to be lonely.


## Why She Adopted a Baby

"I JUST felt, I suppose, that it would be jollier to have a baby around the house than *not* to have a baby around the house—and so I adopted a baby. He was the only baby I ever looked at. He has my coloring. I believe he has my temperament, whatever that is. He's my kind of person. He's a *jolly* person and we'll get along together. He's *fun*. I certainly do not feel that it is noble or anything to acquire a baby. I did it, as most people do it, either by adoption or via the more personal stork, from purely personal, selfish motives. And that is that.

"I suppose I do not give the ponderous facts of life enough thought. I don't know enough about them. I have been married. I have been divorced. I have 'been in love' and I have 'fallen out of love'—and I *know nothing about any of it*.

"If I were asked whether or not I expect to marry again, I couldn't say. I may never marry again. I may marry  
(Continued on page 76)





A spider needs a web to snare a fly—but Miriam Hopkins doesn't need a web to catch the eye, as you'll see in "The Story of Temple Drake." However, no matrimonial nets for Miriam! (Says she!)





Ray Jones

"ADIOS,  
HOLLYWOOD—  
'ELLO,  
BROADWAY!"  
SAYS LUPE

It looks as if Lupe Velez meant it when she said she hadn't even thought of settling down yet. For what has she gone and done now—just after making a big hit, too, in "The Half-Naked Truth" and "Hot Pepper"—but scamper off to the Great White Way to make big brown eyes at Jimmy Durante in a stage revue! Between times, she's making radio microphones sizzle and is keeping the telephone wires to Hollywood hot—just so her "bes' fren'," Johnny Weissmuller, won't worry too, too much





ANOTHER  
BARRYMORE  
GOES MEEK!



Blessed are the  
meek—for sometimes they  
are portrayed by a Barrymore.  
In "Grand Hotel," Lionel had his  
chance—and now, in "Topaze," John's  
turn comes. Take a long look at that famous  
profile above and see if you can't picture  
him as a timid, absent-minded professor,  
which is what he is when the picture opens.  
But then he's tricked by some phony finan-  
ciers, and Myrna Loy (with him, left)  
makes him "snap out of it"—and, with  
comedy crackling to right and left,  
he finds a way to turn  
the tables!





## **SHE'D BE A STARLET IN ANYBODY'S STUDIO!**

Her name is June Vasek. She's young, blonde, pretty, looks equally well in shorts or in the latest thing for junior misses, has the poise that all dancers seem to have, has a good voice (she has sung on the stage), and has had acting experience. And as it happens, she IS a starlet—at Fox Studio, where they are laying plans to make her into a featured player. Watch for June!





## ELISSA LANDI

There's something regal about Elissa—you can't miss it. And after her work in "The Sign of the Cross" and opposite Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader," she is due to get some regal opportunities at her home studio. First of all, she'll play the Warrior in "The Warrior's Husband" — the comedy about the days when women went to battle and men kept the home fires burning. Katharine Hepburn played the rôle on Broadway a year ago—and just see what it did for Katharine!



# LET THE OTHER GIRLS GO MANNISH— KAY FRANCIS WILL STAY FEMININE! (AND HERE'S HOW!)



The full-length view, right, shows you the regal beauty of Kay Francis' newest evening gown and, above, you see a close-up of the back. It is of flame-colored chiffon, embroidered with crystals

Beige broadcloth and astrakhan are smartly combined to form the tunic dress which Kay Francis seems so proud of above. Take special note of the manner in which the collar crosses and fastens on each side with large broadcloth buckles, and note the slope of the tunic. Mannish attire doesn't go over very big with Kay, if one is to judge from the graceful, flowy and truly feminine beige crêpe negligée she is pictured wearing in the upper left-hand corner. It is trimmed with long cuffs of sable



ORRY-KELLY Designed These Creations  
KAY FRANCIS Wears Them in "The Keyhole"  
Elmer Fryer made these portraits



There is nothing richer-looking than a black velvet hostess gown set off with pearls, and Kay Francis (left) wears one with which the pearls run through slits at the neckline. Above, you see the V-shaped cutout in back, again revealing the pearls.



Another stunning version of the long evening wrap is presented above by Miss Francis in velvet of a deep henna shade. The collar, a luxurious affair of matching aigrettes, distinguishes this wrap, which has long, tight sleeves and a brief train. Miss Francis chooses to wear this over a gown of the same color in softer and lighter tones

Kay Francis' "coachman's coat" of tan broadcloth (right) with its long, sweeping lines and tiered cape-collar, is patterned after the coat of the old-time coachman, but finds added elegance in the luxurious, wide cuffs and tied collar of mink. Kay believes that long evening coats like this one will eventually sound the death knell of the short evening wrap





# Must CLARA BOW Choose Between MARRIAGE and CAREER?

BY ELZA SCHALLERT



CLARA BOW and Rex Bell are back in Hollywood after their belated honeymoon trip of two months spent in England, France, Switzerland and Germany. Rex is working on the next-to-last picture of a series of Westerns for Monogram Pictures and Clara is preparing for a follow-up on "Call Her Savage," the picture responsible for her comeback after a year's absence from the screen. And Hollywood—well, Hollywood is speculating, as always, on just how long Clara and Rex will be able to forestall what filmland predicts as the inevitable—the breaking up of their marriage.

The menacing spectre of success and fame once again appears to be casting a shadow over a marriage of but fifteen months' duration. Hollywood feels that the suc-

Clara and Rex Bell are just back from a long-delayed honeymoon abroad—with a year of happy marriage behind them, but a great big question mark ahead. As Hollywood sees it, Clara's brilliant comeback in "Call Her Savage" brings them face to face with that old problem: Will career and marriage mix? In this story, Clara and Rex both tell you how they are facing this danger!

cess of Clara's first picture is a signal for new conquests for the former "It" Girl in hitherto untouched fields of drama. And that success may be the cruel hand that will eventually destroy the Bow-Bell marital union.

Clara told me, last November, just as she was leaving Hollywood for the trip abroad: "Hollywood is always predicting a matrimonial smash-up for Rex and me, but we're going to fool everyone. We are not going to divorce—for the good reason that we love each other. Rex means the world to me. *Not even a new career—a*





big, brilliant, successful comeback in pictures—can separate me from him.

#### Guarding Against Heart-Breaks

"I AM a much more philosophical Clara than I was a few years ago. I have suffered more than the world realizes. And I know all about careers. They are empty, shallow things. Pictures broke my heart once. They're not going to do it again. I'll take success more calmly this time, if it's in the cards that success is coming my way again. But I

wouldn't exchange Rex for any career."

Clara told me this on last Thanksgiving night in a drawing-room of "The Chief," the de luxe train that carries all of Hollywood Eastward to New York. She was preceding Rex to New York by about ten days, after which time he was to join her and they were to embark on their long-planned honeymoon and their first trip abroad. It meant that they would miss spending their first wedding anniversary together by just a few days. She had to be in New York at a specified time to appear at the premiere of "Call Her Savage." And Rex, who had to remain in Hollywood to finish a picture, felt very put out about the whole business.

Clara was as excited as a child about her trip abroad. She didn't behave at all like a seasoned film personage.

Her famous red hair curled up in impertinent loose ringlets

(Continued on page 68)

Clara Bow says, "I wouldn't exchange Rex for any career. I know all about careers. They are empty, shallow things. He's real—and careers aren't!"





*Lazarnick*

Here's a smile that IS a smile! And why shouldn't she be happy? Isn't she the first foreign star that Hollywood has welcomed with wide-open arms? For this 22-year-old English girl has danced and sung her way into the hearts of Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen—and she may bring lilting, light-hearted romance back to us, too. Just wait till you see "My Lips Betray"!

**LILIAN HARVEY**






*Carl Dial*

## MARY PICKFORD

Our Mary has grown up. No longer is she the wistful ragamuffin of "Little Annie Rooney," or the willful adolescent of "Coquette," or the hoyden of "Kiki." She is a woman of deep and lasting emotions—on the screen now, as well as off. "Secrets" marks the change—for in "Secrets" she is a passionate idealist who keeps her ideals, let time do what it will. Now for a holiday with Doug!



One of the most feminine of all the stars, and the star most famous for beautiful legs—Marlene was the first to don man-nish clothes. Figure that one out, if you can! She says she wears them just to be comfortable—and here is a study of Marlene being "comfortable" and feminine at the same time. But few can achieve this effect—though plenty are trying! In "The Song of Songs"—her last picture before her trip to Germany—she is ALL-feminine (and presumably uncomfortable)



MARLENE DIETRICH  
STARTED SOMETHING!



# NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT HER, SHE'S A NEW SYLVIA!

Sylvia Sidney started doing new things with her hair in "Madame Butterfly"—to take on a new personality. And she's continuing the noble experiments, this time with a braid—which DOES change her, no matter whether she's dreamy (as below), or Sweet Sixteenish (as at the bottom), or woman-of-the-worldish (as at the right)! And maybe she'll reveal a new personality in other ways in "Pick Up," with George Raft as a co-star. Then comes a big chance to be wistful in a brand-new way in "Jennie Gerhardt"!







"Hi there, Good Times! Glad to see you coming back!" chortles Marie. And hi there, yourself, Marie, say we. Nobody has helped to bring 'em back any more than you have. Didn't you work yourself sick, giving us "Prosperity"? But that little trip to New York was all you needed to fix you up again, by the looks of things. Almost ready to start "Tugboat Annie" with Wallace Beery?

**MARIE DRESSLER**





*C. S. Bull*

## JIMMY DURANTE

"TechnoRATS? Pah! I unnerstan' dey wanna give everybody twenty t'ousan' ergs a year ta live on—fried ergs, poached ergs, and hard-berled ergs. Dey laid an erg, demselves, wid dat idear!" Jimmy, who recently condoled Norman Taurog for having to direct a Chevalier after directing a Durante, has finished "What, No Beer?" His vacation, so-called, he'll spend on Broadway





## THREE OF THE BOYS STUDY THINGS OVER

Above, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems to be doing the impossible—playing chess with himself, between the opening scenes of "The Narrow Corner." But what he's really doing is concocting some knotty problems for his Hollywood Chess Club

Below, Richard Barthelmess, just finishing "Central Airport," and William Powell, just starting "Private Detective," compare notes on the lines they have had to learn—each betting he works harder than the other. Both are seen changing their minds!





# "America or France?— Fifty-Fifty for Me!" Says CHEVALIER

America wants to keep him, and France wants him to come home—and Maurice wants to please everybody, including himself. So now he has a plan—he'll make half his future pictures in Hollywood, and the other half in Paris! And does he have any other plans—marriage plans, for instance? "Marriage is not for me," he says—meaning what he says, and then explaining what he means!

By GLADYS HALL

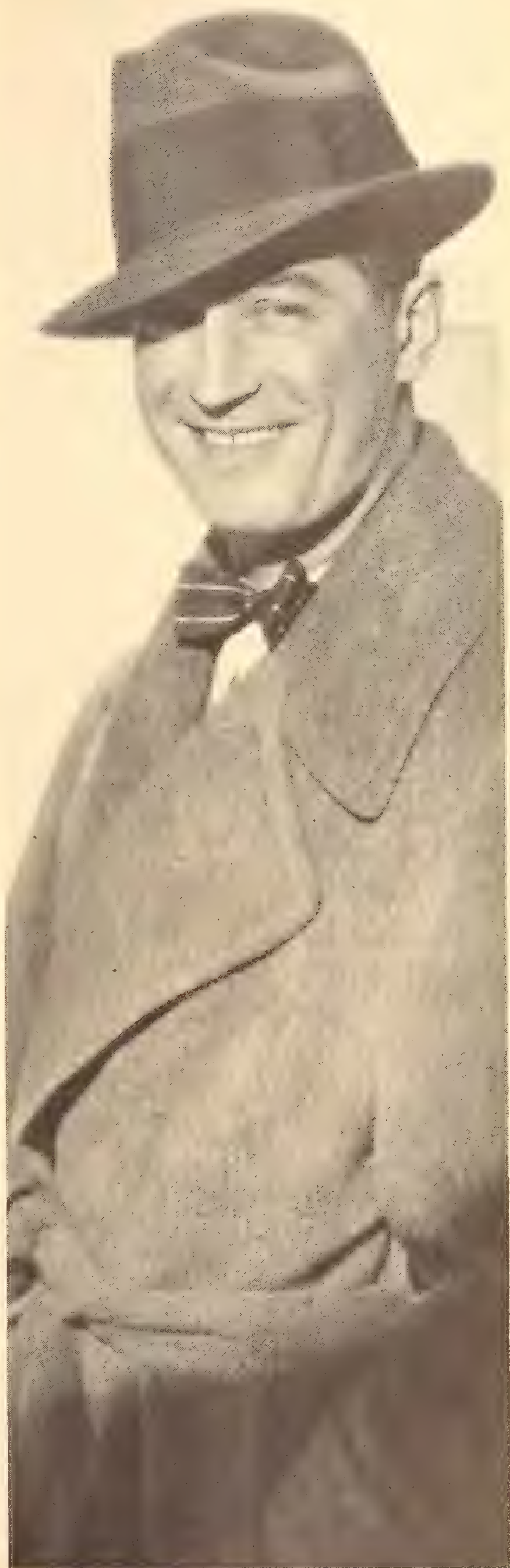
**W**HAT does Maurice Chevalier, as a Frenchman, have to say about the French debt to the United States? As a man who knows Europe, as well as America, in what direction does he think the world is heading to-day? As a man whose first marriage has just ended in divorce, what does he think about second marriage? As a French star who has found his greatest fame in America, what does he think about the new drive against foreign actors and the French appeal for him to come home? I went to him with these questions. What he told me should help Americans and Frenchmen alike to know him better.

The only thing Maurice knows about foreign and domestic relations, he says, is the way they affect himself. He has a one-track mind, he declares, and can take an interest only in the things that interest him. When a thing does interest him, he will dig and delve to the very bottom of it, acquiring every bit of knowledge there is to be had about that particular subject. When a thing does not interest him, he simply ignores it.

Politics is *not* among these interests. Chevalier seldom or never reads the newspapers—at any rate, not the parts that have to do with moratoriums and technocrats, et al. He knows nothing whatsoever about the French debt, or the whys or the wherefores. He seemed to be mildly surprised that there *was* a French debt . . . and what about it?

He says that when he was recently in Paris he tried to con-

(Continued on page 70)





# PAPA and MAMA ARLEN

## Won't Let Baby Change Their Lives!

**A**S you have probably read by this time, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen of Tolucka Lake, Hollywood, are expecting a Blessed Event to take place just about the time these words hit print. But wait just a moment! Don't go away. This is not another one of those typical Hollywood baby stories all about "the greatest happiness in our lives—the most wonderful thing that ever happened to us—THE BABY!" To the contrary, it concerns the outlook of two very modern people (and two very swell ones), who are not laboring under the idea that they have done something different, unique and downright remarkable in having a baby!

I know what you are probably thinking. I know all about those stories you have been reading for years about the "dear little Arlen couple"—so quaintly happy, one of the really nice couples of Hollywood, so proud of their home and so glued to its hearth! For years the writers of Hollywood have done all in their power to make Dick the nicest, safest, sanest and most uninteresting man in Hollywood, and Jobyna, his nice, safe, sane, uninspired wife.

Their married life has been painted to seem about as exciting as a marshmallow toasting. Whenever any breath of scandal came up about some unfortunately divorced couple of the colony, the Arlens were "pointed to with pride," along with the Conrad Nagels, as one of Hollywood's *contented* couples.

When the news came along, after six years of married life for the Arlens, that they were to be blessed with an



Everybody knows that Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen are one of Hollywood's happy married couples. But few people know how they manage to stay that way. Here is the whole story—brought up-to-date by their ideas about babies. They're somewhat amazing ideas, coming from Hollywood—but Dick and Joby are amazingly modern!

By NANCY PRYOR

of rules or regulations or stifling interference with one another. If Dick wants to go batting off for a week-end with one of his perennial boy-friends, it's okay with Joby. It gives her a chance to play Bridge (a game she loves) all night if she so desires. That Dick usually prefers the company of his wife on his frequent spontaneous and unplanned jaunts to the nearby week-end resorts, however, is just another testimonial to the success of their modern methods of matrimony.

There are never any bickerings over bills, because Joby has her own checking account and if she overdraws it, Dick merely puts more in. It's very simple. If Dick, in a moment of unexpected domesticity, happens to decide to "fix" a leaky tap, and in the fixing completely floods the

(Continued on page 78)

Event, it just about cinched the picture of marital bliss. It's all very sweet and old-fashioned and comes in handy for reference in times of other couples' break-ups. But it is with the utmost respect for Joby and Dick as modern and amusing and exciting human beings that I report there is something wrong with the picture.

### A Couple of Real Moderns

**I**F Dick Arlen is a safe, sane and settled married man, then I am the reincarnation of Cleopatra. If Jobyna is just another hysterically excited "little woman" because she is going to have a baby, then you are Cleopatra.

In a town that loves to pride itself on its modern marriages, here are two real, honest-to-goodness moderns! For six years they have lived without benefit



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Nothing is changed but the price. The same amount of olive oil goes into every cake . . . the same generous-size cake . . . the same true cosmetic effect that has made Palmolive the voluntary choice of more than 20,000 beauty experts

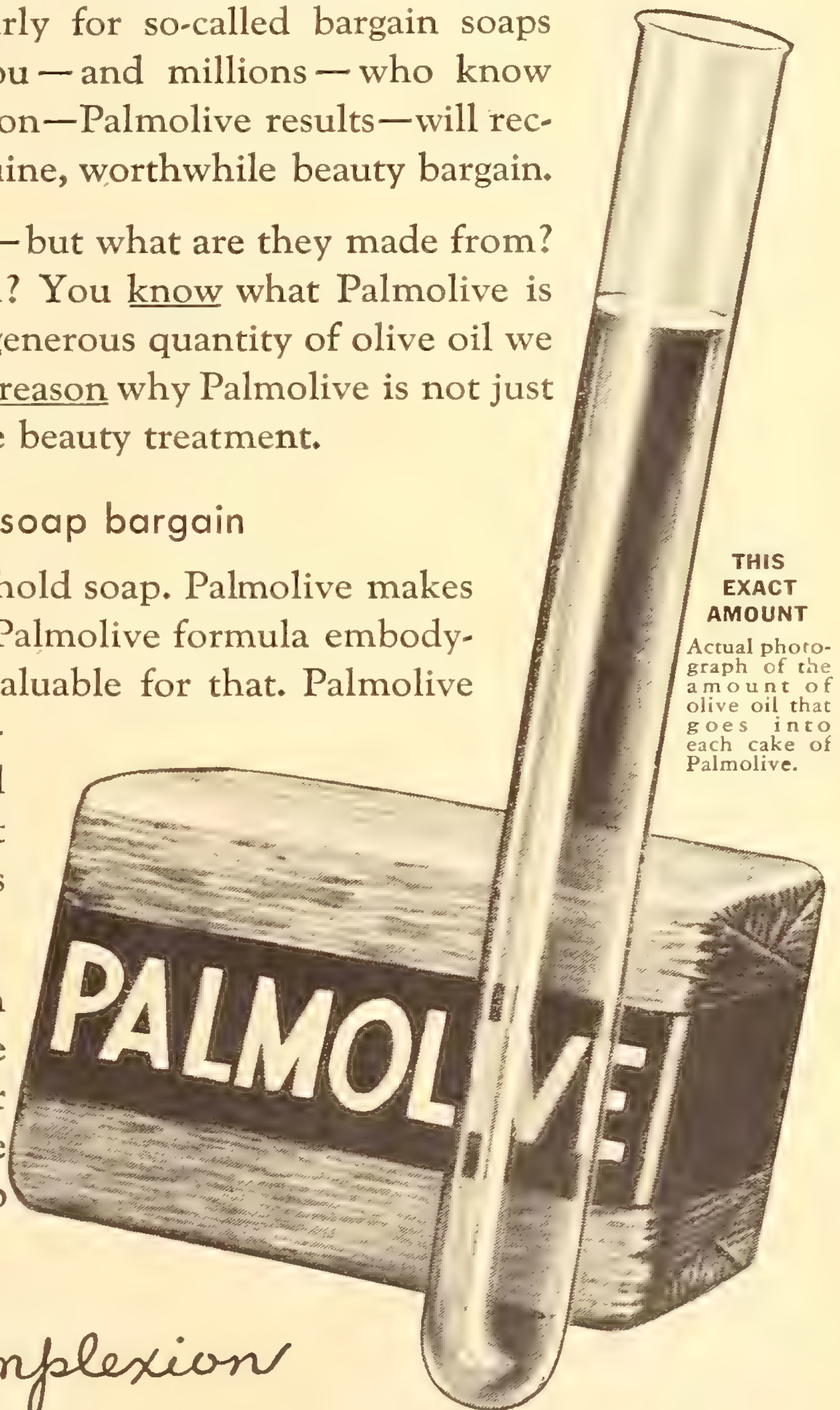
WITH beauty at stake—you must choose soap bargains carefully. Beware—lest you pay too dearly for so-called bargain soaps which dry, irritate, age the skin. You—and millions—who know Palmolive quality—Palmolive reputation—Palmolive results—will recognize in these new-day prices a genuine, worthwhile beauty bargain.

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## A real complexion soap bargain

Palmolive is not an all-purpose household soap. Palmolive makes no claims for laundry purposes. The Palmolive formula embodying time-tested cosmetic oils is too valuable for that. Palmolive is a skin soap—a complexion soap—made to preserve youth—to foster and promote true natural skin beauty. It is the only leading soap that reveals its ingredients.

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*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*



3 famous Stars of the Screen • LORETTA YOUNG •



# Complexions that fascinate—even in a snapshot

*Why don't YOU try  
Hollywood's Beauty Care*

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind* — every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta

Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane — snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Cocoanut Grove!

How alluring they are—these beautiful stars! What is the secret of their matchless charm?

“Above everything else,” says lovely Sally Blane, “we take exquisite care of our complexions. I started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio, and find it helps

keep my skin smooth and glowing.”

Loretta Young, and Polly Ann, too, like scores of other fascinating stars, use this gentle care to keep their skin always youthfully alluring.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

*Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap!*

Not only at home in their own

# LUX Toilet



POLLY ANN YOUNG • SALLY BLANE •



## enlargement

luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known, this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't *you* try the Beauty Soap of the Stars — guard *your* complexion as the world's most beautiful women do? Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.



*Snapped by*  
**JOHN BOLES**  
*at the*  
*Cocoanut Grove*  
*in Hollywood*



# Soap

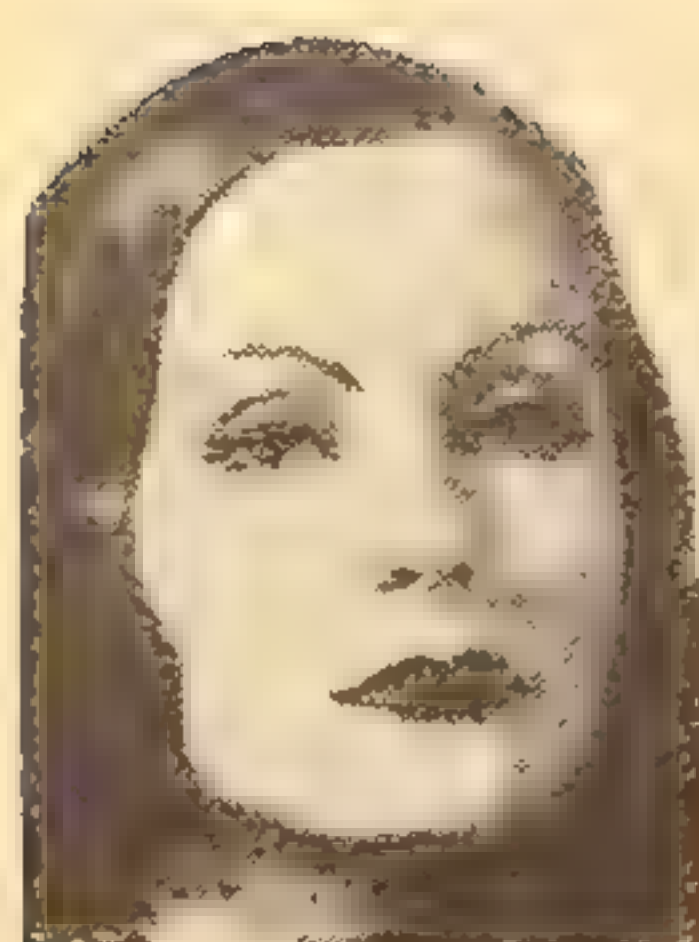
— *The Beauty Soap of the Stars*



# STRICTLY PERSONAL

## MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



**GARBO:** The Swedish Siren better tank about coming back quick—we've K. Hepburn, a "new" Crawford, and a few Barrymores. But Greta's clever. She sent her Xmas card, not to studio "execs," but to her cameraman. *He's* responsible for photographing those—ah—large extremities in a soft light. Do you know she has written agents for a Hollywood house surrounded with ever-greens? Address: unknown.

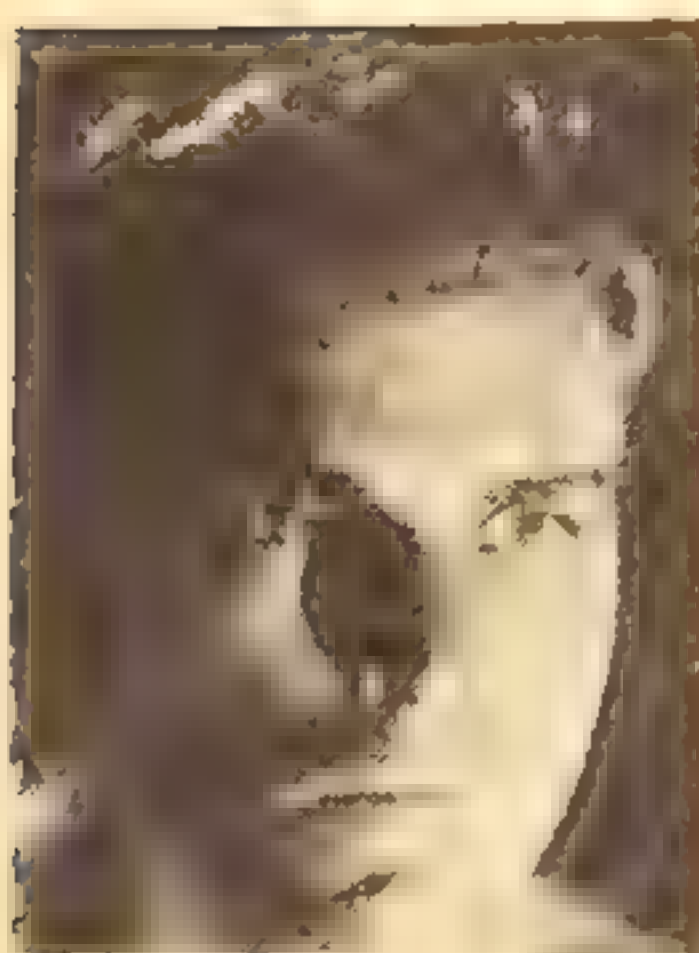


**MAURICE CHEVALIER:** Five feet eleven. Weighs 165. What a heart-throb for the local lassies, now that his wife signs her letters Yvonne Ex-Chevalier! Even Marlene Dietrich wore a skirt at the Mayfair the other night, 'cause Maurice doesn't like her in men's pants. Hollywood never figured the ooh-la lad with the pouting lip as a ladies' man in private life, but now—! Address: Los Feliz Hills.

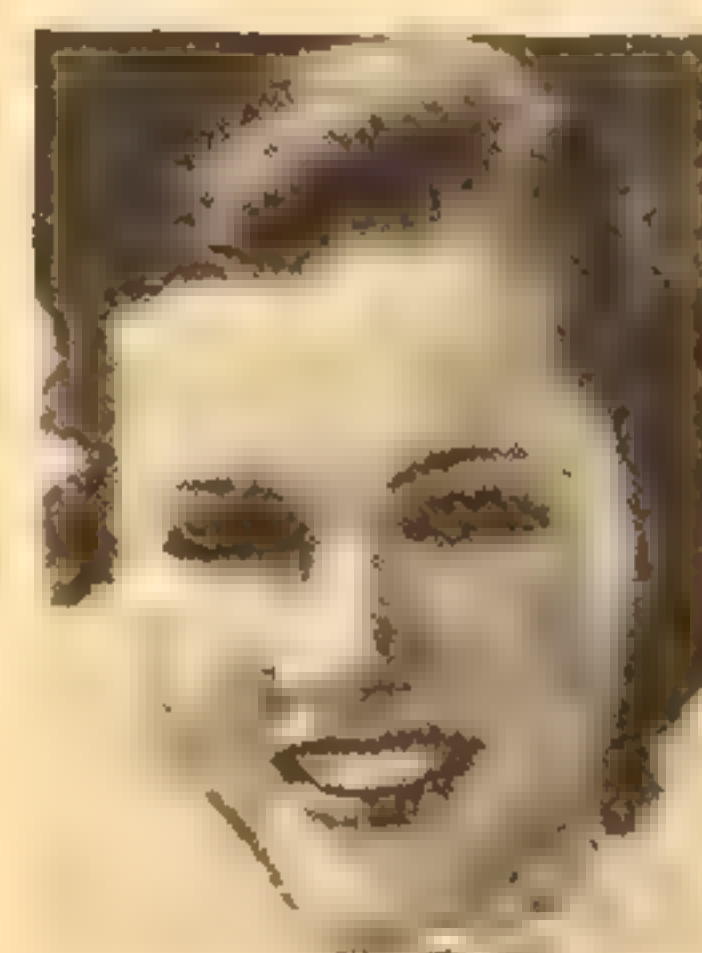
**LESLIE HOWARD:** Five feet ten and a half. Weighs 145. It's mental appeal, this time, and does it wow 'em! The fact that he's happily married doesn't stop our greatest feminine stars from *hoping*. They say he makes love "an adventure delicate and invitingly dangerous" and can suggest worlds with one quick sharp glance. (What ho, Lion Men!) Suave, whimsical, and forty this April. Address: 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.



**RUTH CHATTERTON:** Has the town agog by a rumor that she'll divorce George Brent and remarry Ralph Forbes. An oh-so-civilized lady who likes to try her French on the guests. And Charles Laughton says he can't figure whether his real English accent sounds funnier than her—er—"acquired" one. Not awfully popular with the gang at the studio, but her friends swear by her. Address: Warner Brothers.



**BUSTER CRABBE:** Six feet one. Weighs 168. This fella specializes in muscle. The Lion Man won't answer to Clarence, but that's his real name. Had his voice lowered to a growl for pictures and is now Tarzan's biggest rival. (His chest is four inches bigger!) Grew up on romantic Waikiki beach in a pair of swimming trunks. Has avoided the Hollywood gossip test and lives near the U. S. C. campus, where he worked through school.

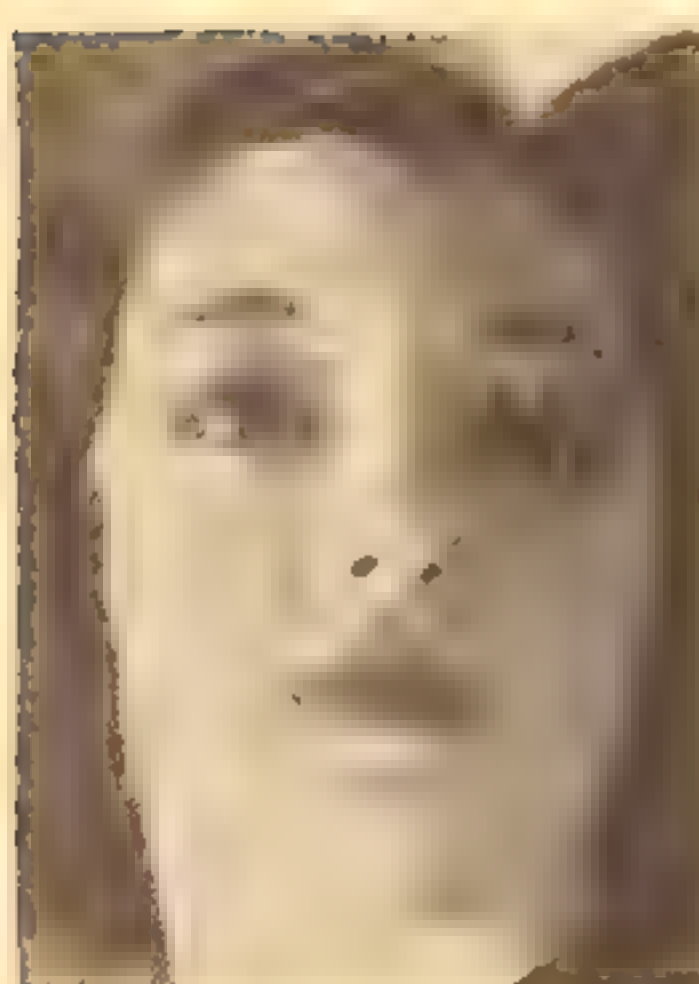
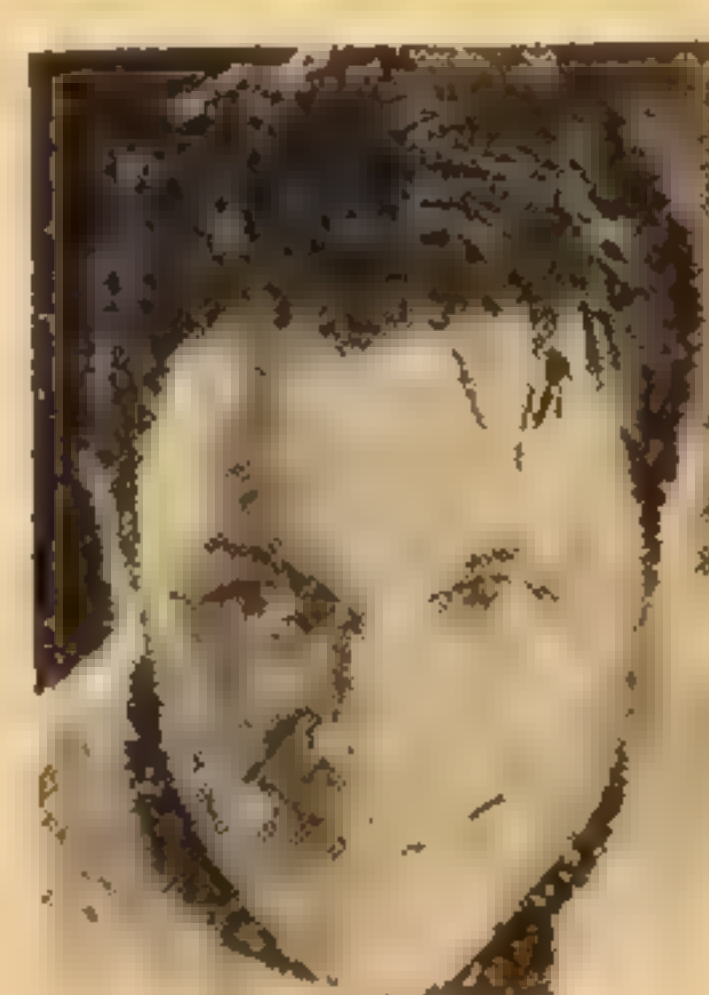


**ELEANOR HOLM:** Short brown hair. Hazel eyes. A breath of fresh air for Hollywood. Determined to maintain her amateur standing and won't swim in pictures. Drinks three quarts of milk a day and sleeps nine hours. Says she "doesn't give a damn for the whole shooting match." Meaning a pictuah career? What about Laemmle Jr.? Will make her debut soon, after studying acting for six months. Address: Burbank.

**ALICE WHITE:** Nerts to the dope about Alice coming back as a "great dramatic actress"! The gal's as hot-cha as ever, the only change being a new nose that clicks with her peppy personality. But what a change! Old friends can't recognize her and the lads have discovered she's the cutest thing in town. Does that burn up Cy Bartlett, the fiancé and manager? Address: Helois Road, Hollywood.



**TOM KEENE:** Six feet. Weighs 175. What about a Western star to complete the list? Tom used to be George Duryea, smooth juvenile. Now even his private life has changed. He practices rope tricks and shooting at odd moments. It isn't synthetic—he lived on the range for years. Do you know that his box office rivals Tom Mix's? That C. B. deMille discovered him? Address: Gower Street at Melrose, Hollywood.



**KATHLEEN BURKE:** Brrr! The Panther Girl! Exotic. Large sloping brown eyes. High cheek bones. Swell figger. Surprises by being genuinely *different*. Prefers reading to going places and saves every penny. Did lowly office work before winning that movie contest over 60,000 candidates. Her announced marriage to Glenn Hardin, football star, is indefinitely postponed. Like 'em dangerous, men? Address: Marathon Street.



**LYLE TALBOT:** Five feet eleven and a half. Weighs 172. Whatever type of man you like this month, ladies! This newcomer specializes in heavy menace. Glenda Farrell, Estelle Taylor, Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Wynne Gibson are reported interested. That's COMPETITION! But they tell me Lyle lives "quietly" and collects first editions. Believe it or not, his real name's Lyle Hollywood! Address: Burbank.

**ERIC LINDEN:** Five feet nine. Weighs 140. Sensitive-young-artist type. Would rather write than act. Has escaped romances, and plays about with the young intellectuals. Brilliant. Restless. Takes himself pretty seriously, but why not? He's a juvenile who can ACT. Works to help support his mother, brother and sister, and vows he'll give up the screen when his contract runs out. Address: RKO Studios.



**LILIAN HARVEY:** Looks like a big-timer. Remember the mannered blonde in "Congress Dances"? She just arrived at Fox, with 47 complete ensembles, a Mercedes racer, and diamonds to her elbow. Asked the studio to install a tight-rope immediately—that's her hobby. Looks a trifle plump—a sophisticated version of Clara Bow. Says she's not married, rumor to the contrary. Address: Benedict Canyon.





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Quality Guaranteed . . . . . 50c

VALUE . . . \$1.00



★ This tooth brush guaranteed  
the finest bristles, the best  
handle material that can be  
put into a tooth brush . . .  
equal in value to any 50-  
cent tooth brush on the mar-  
ket. Your choice of 5 pastel  
shades. Colgate's reputation  
is back of this guarantee.

↑  
This is how this bargain comes  
to you—in a sanitary, Cellophane-  
wrapped package.



THE NEW MASCARA  
THAT IS  
*actually*  
NON-SMARTING  
TEAR-PROOF  
AND ABSOLUTELY  
HARMLESS



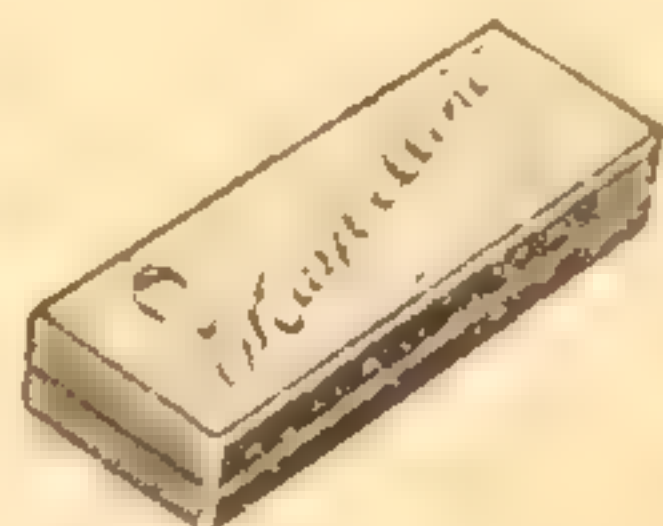
YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smartings spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown

75c at all toilet goods counters

*Maybelline*  
EYELASH DARKENER

The  
PERFECT  
Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO.  
CHICAGO

## George Raft—The Greatest Idol Since Valentino

(Continued from page 19)

than eighteen, he says—managed to reach his dressing-room. They talked for several minutes, and then the younger girl cried out, "Take me in your arms and hurt me."

George was amused, for the girl was hardly more than a child. Nevertheless: "I can't do that, with your sister watching us," he answered.

But the sister threw a bombshell into his plans of evasion. "Don't mind me," she cried. "I watch everything she does."

George had to step on the ever-ready button that summoned his secretary.

Another girl ran—not walked—up five flights of stairs to his dressing-room in the Palace Theatre building. Arrived in front of her idol, she was so breathless she could not speak. At last she recovered her voice and begged him to autograph her book. When she held it toward him, her hand trembled violently.

"Why are you shaking?" Raft asked.

"B-because I'm s-so happy," she stammered.

### Mobbed as Rudolph Was

WHEN he was forced to fight his way from the stage door of a Detroit theatre to a waiting automobile, George had his clothes torn almost entirely from his body by feminine admirers. A police escort was helpless before the rush, for, after all, the officers could not smash women's heads with clubs, though that would have been the only way to stop their drive. When Raft at last fell into the rear seat of the sedan, he had lost his coat and shirt, and had barely retained his trousers, which were torn to shreds. By some unreasonable whim of Fate, his collar was gone, but his tie remained around his neck, perfectly bowed.

Valentino underwent a similar experience in Boston when a mob—not crowd, but mob—of women rushed him at the stage door. Several photographers smashed expensive cameras on feminine heads on that occasion, but when Rudolph reached his automobile, his clothes were practically gone and his body was covered with scratches and bruises.

Following his Detroit experience, Raft used side-door exits, or remained in the theatre until the crowds dispersed. Once or twice he slept in his dressing-rooms, and it was on one such occasion that he was paid a visit by a fire-escape lady.

This woman went to the top of the building and descended via the fire escape to the window of Raft's room, through which she climbed. Perhaps she will never know the danger she faced. George had his revolver in hand and aimed directly at the intruder, but before he could pull the trigger he saw that the dark figure wore skirts, and he realized that here was an extreme case of amorous insanity. The secretary-body-guard, always near, again was summoned to act as gentlemanly "bouncer."

### The "Most Dangerous" Women

IN New Orleans, a woman telephoned him at the theatre. She and her husband were en route to Havana, she said, and were stopping at Raft's hotel. She wondered if she might visit his dressing-room. George granted permission and she soon arrived. There she confessed that she was not in love with her husband.

"I like him," she said, "but it's more like friendship. Now with you," she sighed, "it could be different."

Whereupon she begged Raft to kiss her. She became almost hysterical, until he was

forced to ring for his omnipresent secretary. I shudder to think what might have happened to George had his secretary ever failed to obey the summons.

Anent the New Orleans incident, Raft offers this philosophy: "Women with husbands are much more dangerous than women without. If a woman is desperate enough to leave her husband for an illicit affair, she is desperate enough to do anything."

This brings up a new question about Raft—the same question that was once directed at Valentino: Is George Raft the rival of every American husband? Is he the answer to the natural feminine desire for love and attention—a yearning that too-busy American husbands do not satisfy in their wives?

There was a married woman in New York who attended every performance given by Raft. She employed several ruses to get backstage to talk with him, and she spent countless hours in the hallway outside his dressing-room or outside the stage entrance, waiting to waylay him. She sent several beautiful presents to the actor, and when he went to Chicago, she boarded the same train. Raft decided such tactics were dangerous, and he refused to see her again.

In one city a woman bribed a room clerk to give her the suite adjoining that occupied by the star. That night, while he was at the theatre, she jimmied the lock of the door connecting the suites, and when Raft returned from work, she was asleep on his bed. Quietly, he repaired the door lock. This done, he cautiously carried the sleeping woman into her own quarters. Then he locked the door. He never saw or heard of her again.

### Freak Requests He Had

SCORES of odd requests were made of George. One woman in an evening gown asked him to autograph her bare back with a fountain pen. Another begged him to rouge his lips and kiss her shoulder; she intended to have the impression tattooed into her skin. A fabulously wealthy woman (mention of her name would stir Eastern society) offered to give the Latin-looking star a magnificent estate near New York, if he would agree to live there one month each year.

Maniacal mobs of women did considerable damage to theatre lobbies, and to other interior sections of the cinema palaces in crazed struggles to get close to Raft. Did theatre owners and managers regret or resent such damages? They did not. On the contrary, theatre officials are begging Raft to make return appearances. They state, in letters to Paramount officials, that George is enticing women back into theatres. They declare that he is likely to equal Valentino's records for feminine attendance.

A few more optimistic theatre owners go so far as to say that George may succeed in turning the tide of the theatrical depression; that he may be the most important factor to bring good times back to the motion picture industry.

Meanwhile, Raft has only one message to voice, following his return from his brief tour. The message is broadcast to the world, but is actually meant for only three women.

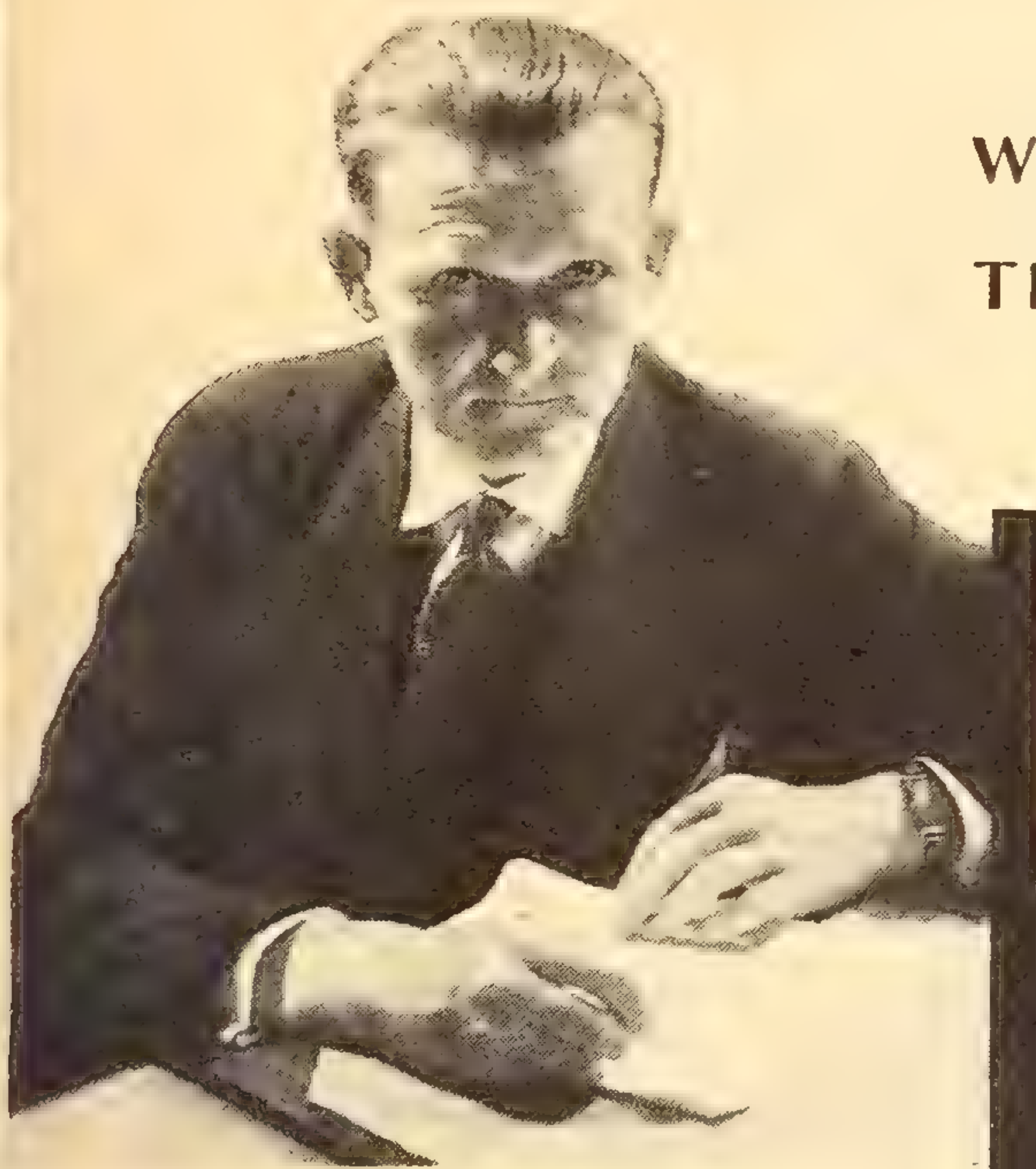
Raft begs: "Will the three ladies who threw their engagement rings on the stages in Detroit and Brooklyn kindly forward their addresses?"

Raft wishes to return their rings.



# Even the sophisticated Parisienne

## WON A LOVELIER COMPLEXION THROUGH THE HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST



**Dr. Joseph Pierron,** prominent dermatologist of Paris, declared of Woodbury's Facial Soap: "It achieved improvement in every case, frequently a complete cure of all the faults of the skin."

Since the days of the *Roi Soleil*, the genius of France has been at the service of the Parisienne, devising seductive soaps, creams, lotions, *laits de beauté*, to enhance her loveliness!

Yet even sophisticated Parisiennes experienced a shock of delight, a *coup de foudre*, when recently they came from all parts of Paris and from many different social groups and occupations at the call of the eminent skin specialist, Dr. Joseph Pierron. For thirty days they made the Half-face Beauty Test, using what they ordinarily employed to cleanse and care for the left half of their faces, Woodbury's Facial Soap for the right half.

Only one was free of every blemish. Blackheads, large pores, dry skin, excessive oiliness, sallowness—these were the main faults which 8 different brands of French soap and 17 creams had utterly failed to correct.

When the test was over, the Woodbury sides of those faces *bloomed*, were freshened, cleared—relieved of sluggish sallowness, blackheads, pimples, coarse pores. Dry skin grew supple and fresh. Oily skin lost its disenchanting shine. "Fabuleux!" cried the doctors. "A merveille!" echoed the subjects.

Dr. Pierron's report, among other words of praise for Woodbury's, said: "Acne and blackheads were uniformly improved, oiliness of the face and scalp ultimately yielded to the treatment. Woodbury's Facial Soap tones not only the epidermis but the tissues beneath the surface of the skin. Causing no irritation, it is the ideal product for the care of healthy



Jeunes filles, femmes de familles, femmes de commerce, femmes du monde—took the Half-face Beauty Test under the supervision of Dr. Joseph Pierron, of Paris, who reported: "All the women subject to my supervision expressed such opinions as the following: 'Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin very soft and smooth'."

skins, the best remedy for skin ailments."

So, even to the sophisticated Parisienne, Woodbury's Facial Soap brought a lovelier, clearer, smoother complexion than all the cosmetics of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Honoré!

Woodbury's Facial Soap is not just a complete cleanser for keeping the normal skin in good condition. It is also a healer and corrector of habitual skin defects. Give *both* halves of your face the benefit of this simple, bland, invigorating care! The cake lasts so well that its daily use will cost you less than a penny a day!



### What The Figures Told!

Of all the troublesome conditions found, 15% were entirely cured, eliminated; 75% were improved or helped; only 10%—and most of these were cases of extremely deep wrinkles—failed to respond at all to Woodbury's Facial Soap. Cases of blackheads, 48% helped, 41% greatly improved, 11% cured; of large pores, 56% helped, 25% greatly improved, 13% cured; of wrinkles, 33% helped, 27% greatly improved; of sallowness, 25% helped, 37% greatly improved, 37% cured; dry skin, 30% helped, 30% greatly improved, 40% cured; oily skin, 100% cured!

**FREE SAMPLE** Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap FREE. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming weekend kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 928 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1933, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

MORTON DOWNEY — DONALD NOVIS — and LEON BELASCO and his Orchestra—on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.



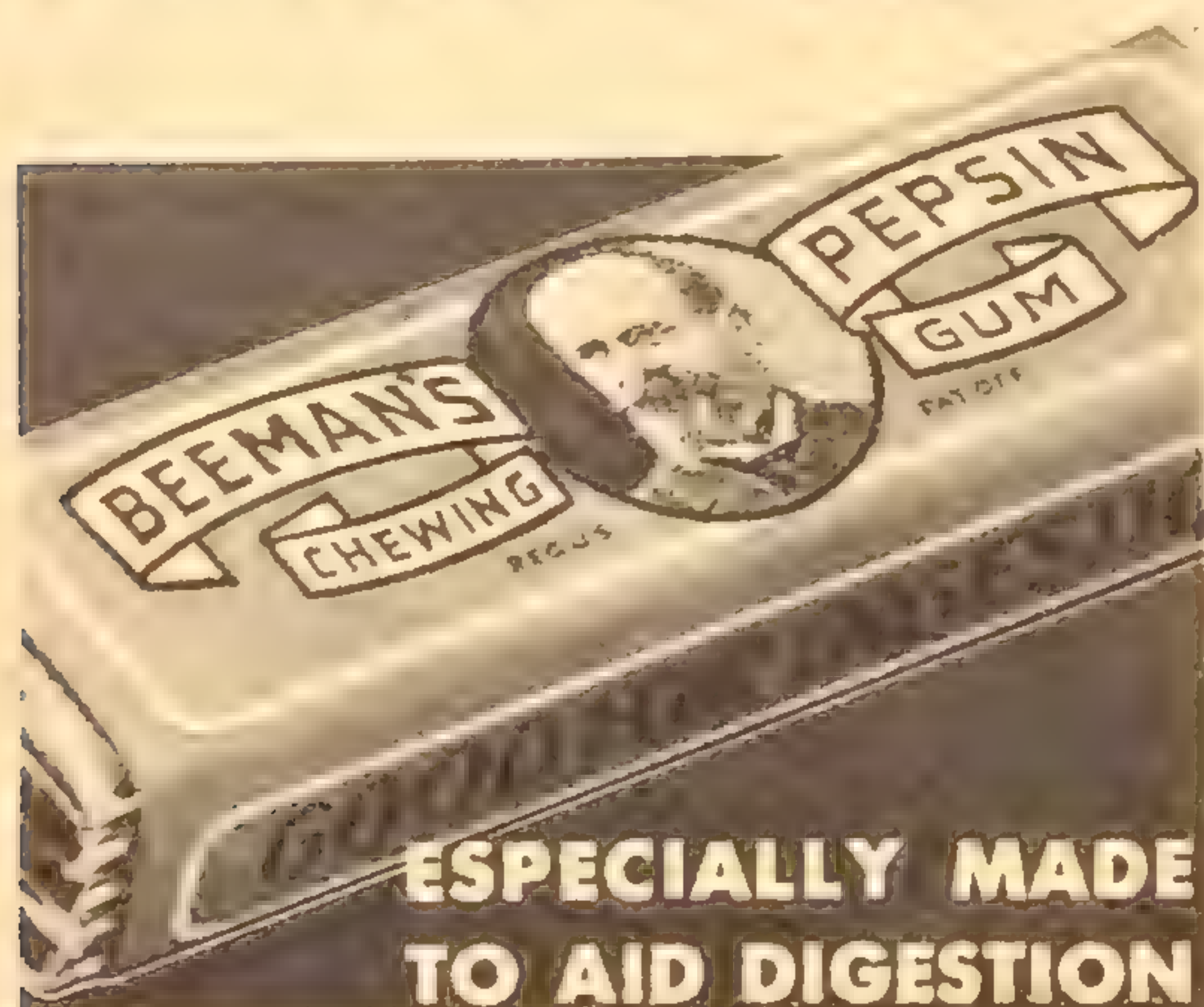


police!

"Hold back the crowds". That's what you almost expect. You feel so radiant—so beautiful. You have so much pep when your digestion is good.

But lots of people have a little indigestion without knowing it. They don't realize what makes them feel tired and restless. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It's a delicious chewing gum that helps keep your digestion "just perfect". Chew it every day.

Chew  
**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN GUM**



# "I'll Never Divorce Frank Fay!" Says Barbara Stanwyck

(Continued from page 26)

reached the breaking point before the 'phone rang the seventeenth time. It so happened that I didn't blow up until then.

"A man from one of the local papers called. 'Is it true—' he began. Then I did a nice, polite thing, the sort of thing that gives me a reputation for not being very lady-like. I said, 'Aw, nuts!' and hung up.

"They printed it, the so-and-so's. 'In answer to a question concerning the report that she was contemplating a divorce from Fay, Miss Stanwyck stated, 'Aw, nuts.' The headline read, 'Stanwyck Says Nuts.'

## What Makes Her Fighting Mad

"DON'T tell me that I should control my temper. I know I should. But sometimes I can't. It gets me all burned up to have people poking around my private life.

"I have no objections to revealing all manner of intimate items about myself for publication, my hobbies, habits, preferences and prejudices, or whatever they want to know that solely concerns me and my work. I am as pleased as the next fellow to see my name in print. But there is a limit to good taste in the questions interviewers ask.

"I don't wear powder, rouge or lipstick off-screen. The reason is that my face doesn't take make-up very well. This sounds absurd, coming from an actress, but it's the truth. When I put rouge on my cheeks, invariably it spreads itself down to my chin. It just happens that make-up won't stay on my face.

"I had no idea that my habit of going without rouge and lipstick was the subject of comment until a woman interviewer asked one day why Fay wouldn't let me use it. I didn't answer. I just socked her in the nose. Another dame wanted to know if I wore low-heeled shoes because Fay wouldn't let me wear high heels. I socked her, too.

"Why must they bring Fay into these habits of mine? Why must he be charged with making me do things? Why is he always the fall guy? When they get him mixed up in it, of course I burn. Wouldn't you burn, too, if they said you were playing a *Trilby* to somebody's *Svengali*?

## Why She Clowned With Fay

"WE went into the picture theatres on a personal appearance tour not so long ago and did the identical act in which we toured vaudeville for years. The critics used to like the act. But that was before I was That Movie Actress. The critics did a complete about-face. It wasn't that they panned me. I can stand that. What made me mad was the assertion that Fay made a stooge of me so that he could steal the act.

"Fay has always stolen the act. I have always been his feeder, the straight one who feeds the lines so that the comic can get the laughs. It has always been that way. It's our act. I danced in the act, the same routine I used to use in vaudeville. Yet they said Fay made me dance. Just as though I haven't been dancing ever since I was three.

"The public has us both wrong if they believe Fay makes me do anything. He never intrudes upon my affairs unless I ask his advice. Nor do I intrude upon his. If I have a problem, I take it to him and we thrash it out together. But he would not say a word unless I brought the matter up first.

"It is my opinion that a couple can't be in love without fighting. I hope Fay and I will always fight. I know that when we stop having battles, I'll look around to see what blonde he's interested in.

"And just as I fight *with* Fay, I'll put up an awful scrap *for* him. Not that he needs me as a defender. He is well able to take

care of himself. He wants to laugh off all this talk, but it makes me see red and I can't laugh.

## In Mood to Leave Hollywood

"RIGHT now, I'm so sick of these attempts to separate us that I want to get out of pictures. I will, too, unless they lay off Fay. Being a wife is much more important to me than being a film star.

"We have our baby and he's the cutest little fellow that ever kicked a blanket out of a crib. When we adopted him, there was talk about Fay making me adopt a youngster. Honestly, there seems nothing I can do upon my own initiative. It would do no good, of course, to say that *we* wanted a baby.

"The same thing came up about 'Tattle Tales.' This was the local musical show in which Fay starred recently. He disagreed with the producer and stepped out of the part, only to take the whole show over two weeks later and move it to another theatre.

"Barbara Stanwyck Buys Show for Fay,' said the headlines. This isn't true, but do you think it could be denied? I didn't have a penny invested. Fay financed it all himself.

"The thing most people overlook is that I have been in the money only a few years. Fay has been a Broadway stage star for many years. I wish I had as much in the bank as he has at this moment!

"He paid me a salary when I went to San Francisco with 'Tattle Tales.' I planned to go into the cast locally, but a film engagement interfered. We both played the show during its San Francisco run, though not in our old act. I did a dramatic sketch, because that is what the public demands of me these days."

## The Most Likely Explanation

BARBARA refused to discuss the reasons for the disagreement between Frank Fay and the producer of "Tattle Tales." She said she was not at liberty to talk about the subject. She is doubtless bound by a promise of some sort. From another source regarded authentic, I am advised that the trouble had to do entirely with money matters. Fay, it is said, bought out the original producer after the show was scheduled to close. Again assuming the leading rôle, he moved "Tattle Tales" from a downtown Los Angeles theatre to a Hollywood playhouse, then took it to San Francisco. Hollywood gossip, of course, had several other versions—most of them involving Barbara.

"It is all this talk, talk, talk that gets me down," Barbara says. "It may seem very petty and inconsequential to you—just as it might to me, if there wasn't so much of it. It's like rain on a tin roof. You don't mind it at first. Then it seems that if it doesn't stop for a moment, you'll go insane. In Hollywood, it never stops—gossiping, I mean. But, I repeat, Hollywood can't make me divorce Fay. I'll quit pictures first.

"Before I quit, however, there are a few noses badly in need of punching. Those who know me know that my favorite expression is 'I socked him in the nose.' It means, roughly, putting someone in his place.

"This time I mean it literally. And if I punch any one of three noses I have in mind, I'll have to get out of pictures before I'm put out. Still, it will be worth it. Want to come along and watch the fun?"

I certainly do, Barbara. I believe you are just the girl to make good your threat. Your hair, after all, is not red without cause. You can be red-headed, too.



IN 3 DAYS

# Red, rough hands

*made soft, white, alluring...*

## ***Painful chapping relieved instantly***

"**T**HAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" He thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned...

A murmured introduction... he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth... the kind of hands men love.

## ***Why hands get rough, coarse***

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain... restores youthful softness and smoothness.



TODAY



TOMORROW



NEXT DAY

Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion*. Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly*. That is why it can do in 3 days what other creams *may* do in weeks.

## ***What the "second skin" is***

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that *protects* hands from chapping. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so

Her beauty whispered  
"ROMANCE"  
but her hands screamed  
"scrubwoman!"

deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night*.

## ***A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE***

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands—your children's hands. See how it heals chapping... how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Copyright, Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

**HINDS** *honey and almond* **CREAM**

## ***Women! Here's real beauty news!***

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay \$2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,  
Dept. HL-4, Bloomfield, New Jersey

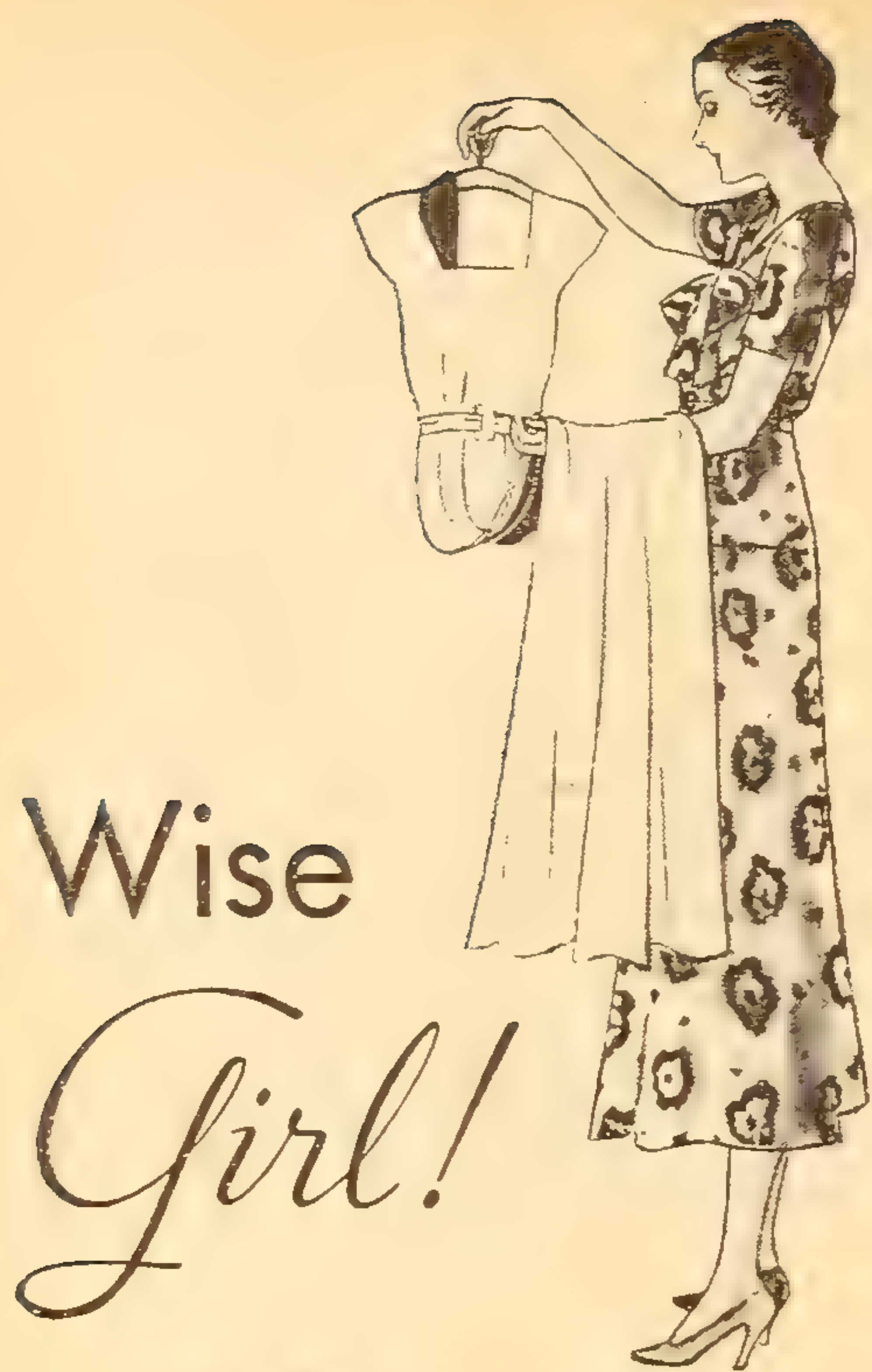
Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also new Hinds Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





Wise

Girl!

**35¢ saved her  
many a friend  
many a dress**

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And former friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But now she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor by preventing the perspiration itself. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that does prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

*2 kinds*



**ODO-RO-NO REGULAR**  
for use before retiring—  
gives 3 to 7 days' complete  
protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1  
—with the original en-  
closed sanitary applicator.



**INSTANT ODO-RO-NO**  
is for quick use—while  
dressing or at any time.  
1 to 3 days' protection.  
35¢, 60¢, \$1—with  
applicator.

**ODO · RO · NO**

## Joan Crawford Answers Twenty Pointed Questions

(Continued from page 23)

"No. A man's past—and a woman's—are their own. A wife and husband owe each other loyalty and allegiance only from the day they pledge themselves to each other."

11. *Do you agree with many critics that Sadie Thompson in "Rain" was your worst screen performance?*

"I loathed the picture. I think I over-acted throughout. When I attended the première, I closed my eyes time and again and whispered to Doug, 'Tell me when the scene is finished.' I was unhappy during the making of 'Rain'—unhappy, I mean, on the sets and with the details of production. Under such circumstances, I do not believe it humanly possible to give one's best efforts."

12. *How much longer do you give yourself on the screen?*

"As long as my stories are good—no longer. I believe the day is past when a star's screen life was limited to a brief period of years. Given good stories, an actress may remain popular indefinitely, as is possible on the stage."

13. *Are you stage-ambitious?*

"Yes; I have been since childhood. I am mad to do a play before an audience I can see. My motion picture contract prevents now, but I hope that within a few years I may have opportunities to satisfy my heart in that direction."

14. *Have you been hampered by the presence of Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer as stars with your company?*

"Not at all. We are of distinctly different types. I think the men at the head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have chosen stories suitable for me, as well as for Miss Shearer and Miss Garbo, with the fairest minds and aims."

15. *Did you gain as much as you lost with marriage?*

"I gained far more. I attained a more serious outlook on life. I learned the importance of tolerance, and of sacrifice. I discovered that there is fun in being considerate of the other fellow. Any woman who enters into marriage seriously and with honesty profits greatly."

16. *Do you believe a man should be head of his house?*

"Yes. Doug fills that position in our home, despite what gossips may say. He pays the servants, the grocer, the household bills. I assume the wifely responsibility of keeping his home in order."

"I think men like to provide, but like their wives to attend to the actual task of maintaining a smooth-running household."

17. *Do you think married women should work?*

"I think all women should have an interest other than taking care of her home. But I also think certain duties should be considered. If a woman marries a man of moderate means and she chooses to work, I think she should employ a servant, from her own salary, to attend to those household duties which she will find herself unable to perform."

18. *What one common trait should every woman develop in order to make herself more attractive?*

"Naturalness. Every woman should strive 'to be herself'—making that self pleasant and charming, of course. Some women have more than ordinary beauty, others have more personality, and others have more common sense, but it is within the scope of every woman to make herself so natural that she will be admired for her honesty and sincerity."

19. *Do you weigh only one hundred and ten pounds?*

"I weigh slightly more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and I wish newspapers and magazines would understand that. Only yesterday I read that I weigh one hundred and eight pounds. At such a weight, I would be as thin as a fence rail."

20. *And now, Miss Crawford, a question I dislike asking, but must in order to quiet the clamoring mob: Are you and Doug contemplating a divorce?*

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness, and the answer is: No. I have heard that question so often, from so many people, from so many sources. Gossip, gossip, gossip—all untrue. Please believe me, the answer is: No!"

## Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 31)

Looking back over the short span of their married life, their close friends recall that Lew and Lola had many sessions of stormy bickerings as to whether Lola should have "led the queen," or Lew should have given that "two demand-bid" short of five and a half quick tricks! But as quarreling over bridge hands is to be expected among married couples, their opponents usually set the scenes down as just one of those things to be forgotten after the game was over.

We are sure Lew and Lola couldn't have taken their bridge so seriously that it led to a definite parting. But probably those bridge squabbles didn't help out the other "incompatibilities" either.

FOR the present, at least, Dick Powell seems to have cut out all other escorts with the popular Mary Brian. Dick and Mary are constantly together, and, what's more, they say that Mary's mother thinks Dick is quite the nicest boy Mary has ever known. When a girl's mother begins to like a current boy-friend—well, that's serious.

THE other day, about ten or twelve newspaper men were gathered in one of the studio publicity departments, and the talk drifted around to the subject of actors—especially actors whom the press tribe considered regular (real human beings, to you).

Spencer Tracy should consider it a real compliment that he polled the greatest number of votes. Clark Gable, Fredric March and Richard Arlen were in a three-way-tie for second honors. Among those receiving honorable mention were: Lee Tracy, Edward G. Robinson and George Brent. The two Tracys—no relation to each other—certainly rate.

LADY Star (who makes many pictures . . . most of them bad . . . to another starlet who would like to work, but hasn't had an offer in some time): "My dear, why don't you make a picture?"

Starlet: "That's exactly what I said to myself when I saw your last one!"

Ladies . . . please!



# She Compromise?

**..NEVER!**

*Nor did she need to*

● Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

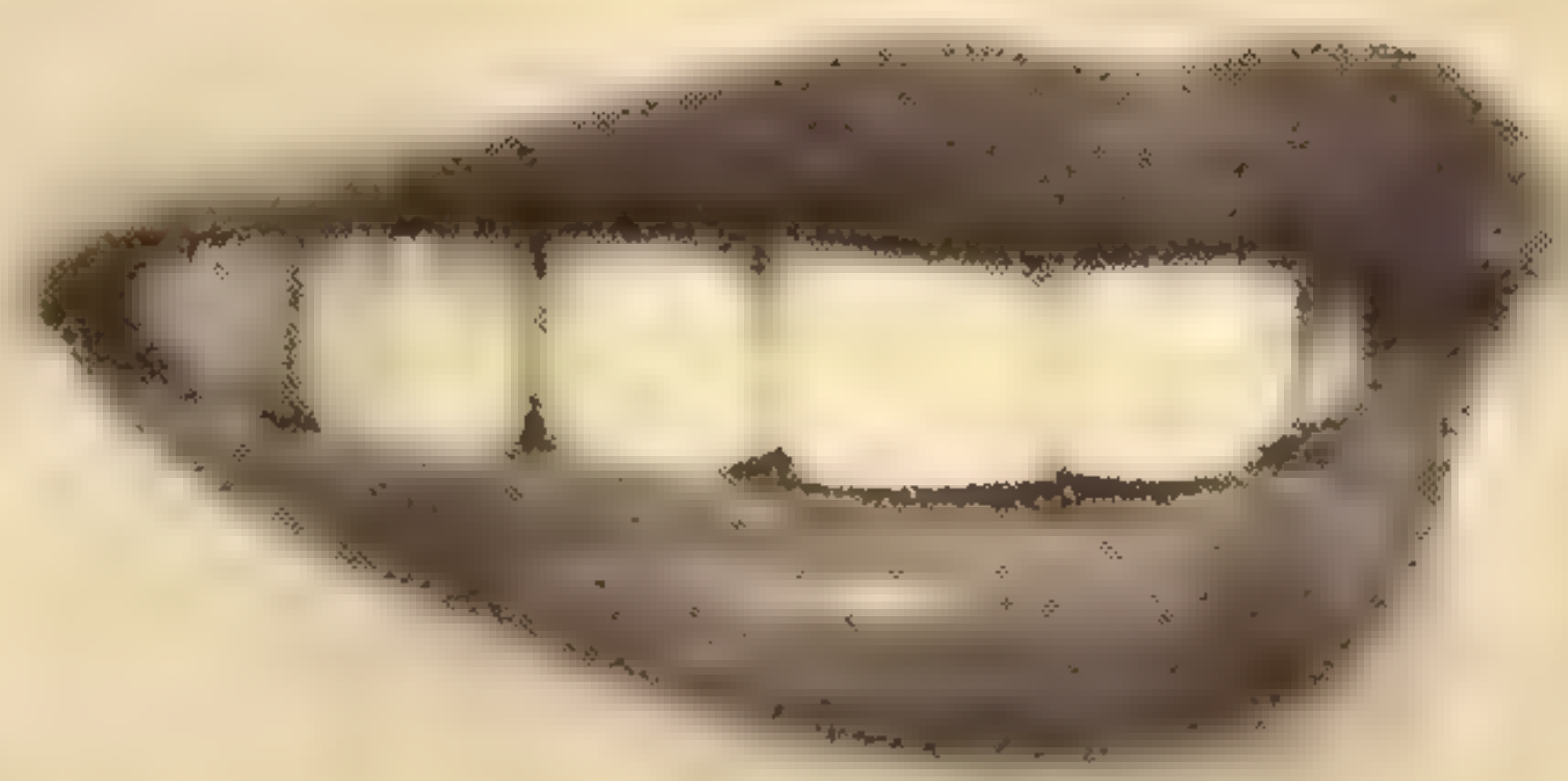
Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about \$3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



**LISTERINE  
TOOTH  
PASTE**

**25¢**

*... it makes the breath sweeter*



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste  
recommend

**Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**



# Explaining Ruby Keeler

(Continued from page 17)



**"I have  
REDUCED MY HIPS  
9 INCHES WITH THE  
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**

*... writes Miss Jean Healy.*

**"IT MASSAGES  
like magic". . . writes Miss Kay Carroll.  
"The fat seems to have melted away"  
... writes Mrs. McSorley.**

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made a big mistake. I believe I'm a good tap-dancer, but I can't sing and I can't act, and I told him so. But he wanted to star me, anyhow."

Her voice I repeat, is small. In Hollywood—where everything is possible—they gave her a bigger voice by amplifying the sound when it came over the microphone. That's an amplified voice you hear in "42nd Street."

In the last several years, plenty of movie offers have come Ruby Keeler's way, but Al wasn't crazy about having the little woman go into pictures. He likes to have her around to go on fishing trips and play golf with him. Besides, Al says, "Depression? What do you mean—depression? There aren't any hard times for papa."

But Ruby wanted to go in pictures. She wanted to meet all the big picture stars. So Al said, "Okay." She didn't need the money, but it was a lot of fun meeting the celebrities. And when Una Merkel gave her an autographed picture on which she wrote, "I hope we work together in another picture," Ruby was thrilled and showed it to everybody. (And Ruby's the girl Broadway believes was once a tough mug's sweetheart.) Incidentally, when you ask her about the old Guinan days, she says, "All the girls who worked for Texas Guinan were awfully nice girls." So there you have it. Take it or leave it!

Well, she met Bebe Daniels, Ginger Rogers, Warner Baxter, George Brent and all the fine celebrities—and wasn't that fun! When she walks along the streets in Hollywood with Al, everybody stops and speaks and shakes hand and says "Hi, Al—Hi, Ruby." But when she walks on Hollywood Boulevard by herself, nobody recognizes her. Anyhow, that's her version of the story.

"They're all Al's friends," she says.

## The Reverse of a Siren

RUBY dresses simply. She likes dresses of all one color—brown or dark blue. She doesn't wear much make-up, and in a dark tweed suit she looks like a little mouse. But, boy, oh boy, oh boy, she has grand-looking legs. You've got to go to her pictures to find that out, however—she's such a modest, shy little thing in real life. She is like a little girl about twelve years old who hasn't blossomed out. And that's strange, for usually those Irish girls are lush and full-blooded at sixteen!

Al tells her what to do. Yes sir, she's thoroughly domesticated. He takes her business calls for her and acts as much like a father as a husband. Over the telephone you'll hear Al saying, "Okay, she'll be there." And it's his decision, whether the request upon her time is worth fulfilling or not.

She has done a lot for Al, too. Because she is so demure and calm and quiet, the lusty, gusty Al Jolson seems a little less bounding and full of bustle when he's around her. They like to dance together at private parties (no night-clubs, remember). But most of all, they like to play golf.

Ruby began learning how to chase the pill over green pastures because Al liked to play and she didn't want to be separated from him. Then guess what happened! Ruby became really good. Once, she shot an eighty! Which Mr. Jones of Atlanta will tell you is mighty good golf for a girl golfer.

She's not embarrassed when she plays golf. She says she was awfully embarrassed when she starred in "Show Girl," and when she'd look out in the audience and see a couple of people with heads together, laugh-

ing—she'd be sure they were laughing at her. In "42nd Street" it wasn't so bad. There wasn't a big audience to watch her and she just did what she was told. She hasn't an ounce of self-confidence. All she is willing to admit that she does well is tap-dancing. And boy, can she pick those tootsies up, and put them down again! Are yuh listenin', Bill Robinson?

In "42nd Street," she tells Dick Powell that in seeking a job as a chorus girl she was so "scared" that she walked around the block four times before she could get up enough courage to put in a bid. And the first day she went to work on the picture, she walked around the set about eight times before she could get up enough courage to face the cameras! That's Ruby.

She and Al have a house in California, and she likes to arrange furniture and things like that. She's a domesticated little dove. And that irrepressible Al Jolson gets domesticated when they're together. They call each other "darling" and "dear." And how they mean it!

## Wed Al Before Applauding Him

RUBY is crazy about going to the movies, and Kay Francis is one of her favorites. Kay is so sleek and sophisticated—that's why Ruby likes her. But the funny thing is that she never saw Al Jolson in a movie or on the stage until after she married him. Then he gave her passes!

He gives her lots of other presents, too—coats and jewelry and things like that. Al loves buying things for her, but during the daytime she doesn't wear much jewelry—just her enormous diamond engagement ring and her wedding ring. That's her own personal taste.

Ruby is really crazy about her family. While she was in New York on a recent trip, her father was ill. Important people—whom she should have seen—were kept waiting while Ruby made visits to the hospital. And two of her sisters worked as "extras" in "42nd Street." Ruby was born—in case you're interested—in Halifax, Nova Scotia, but the family moved to New York when she was three.

It was while she was still in school that she discovered she could dance. Ruby used to take the dull "drill exercises" and turn them into regular chorus routines (you know, the one, two, three, four, five, six, seven-step). So her parents took her out of public school and enrolled her in the Professional Children's School. Plenty of famous folks have gone there. In Ruby's class were Lillian Roth, Gene Raymond, Marguerite Churchill and William Janney.

Ruby is the sort of person who just doesn't have idiosyncrasies. She likes to fish, play golf, swim, watch prize-fights, six-day bike races and ice hockey. She does these things partly because she likes them and partly because Al likes them. But bridge as you and I, and even Mr. Culbertson, play it, leaves her cold. Rummy she can manage, and also "Find the Murderer," that rousing indoor game. She has outgrown "postoffice." Checkers and ping pong are out.

Reading is not one of Ruby's pet diversions, although she is a sucker for a mystery story. And she swears she's not extravagant about money. Why should she be, anyhow, when Al gives her such marvelous presents?

"I want to make a success," she says. "But I know I'll never be a great emotional actress. I never could be."

And what are you going to do with a girl like that?

All I can say is that, if it's an act, it's a darn good one!



# "34 Days without a Run"



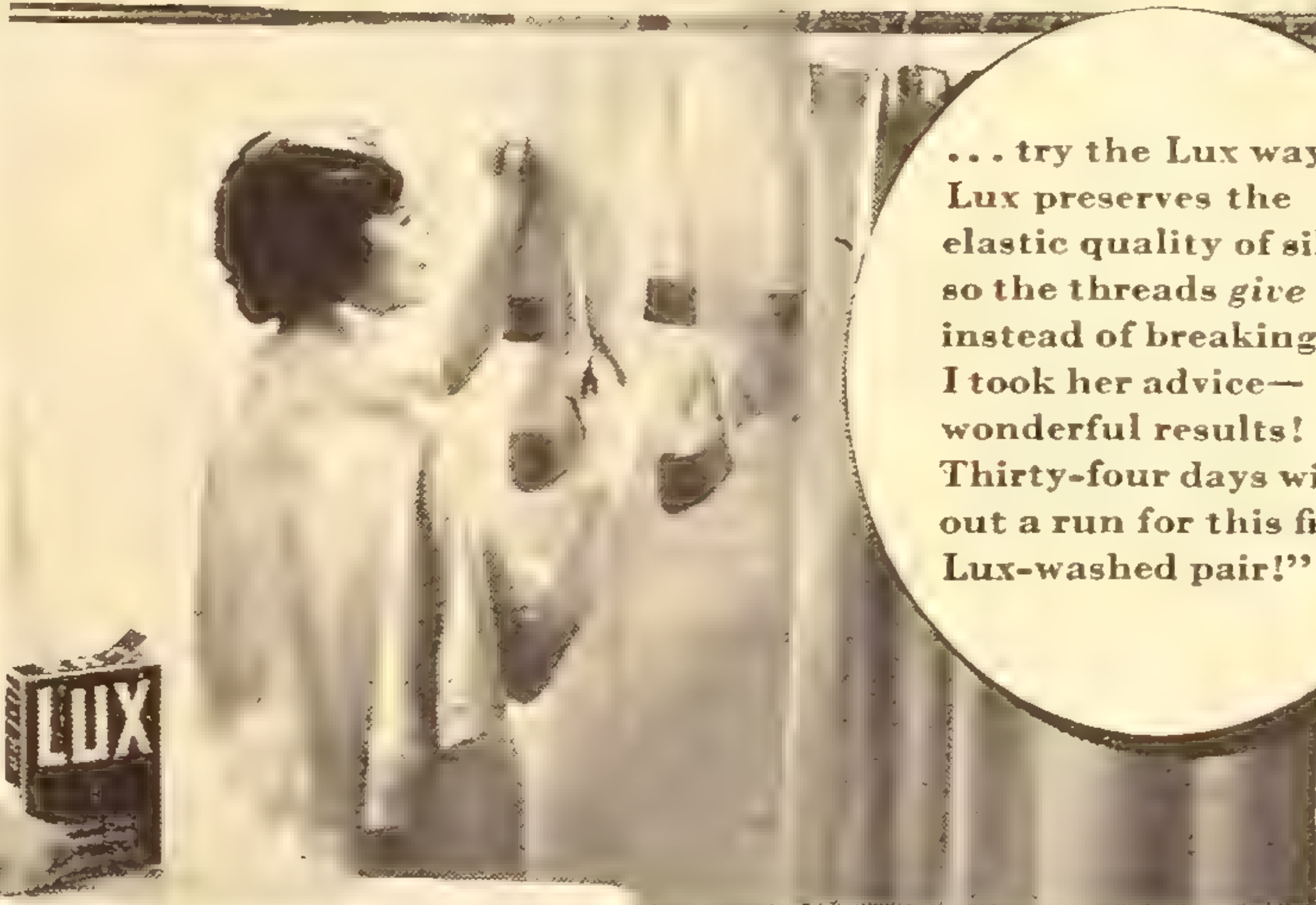
"This pair of stockings was worn 34 days without a run! They still look like new! That's a record—especially for me, because I'm terribly hard on stockings. This is how I learned the secret of preventing constant runs . . ."



"I used to get runs all the time. Just when I wanted to look especially nice, a thread would pop and there was an embarrassing ladder right down my leg! My stocking bills were ruinous. One day . . ."



... a friend said: 'Madeleine, most of those runs are your own fault! I've noticed you rub your stockings with cake soap. You destroy the elasticity of the silk, so the threads break easily. Why don't you . . .'



... try the Lux way? Lux preserves the elastic quality of silk so the threads give instead of breaking.' I took her advice—wonderful results! Thirty-four days without a run for this first Lux-washed pair!"

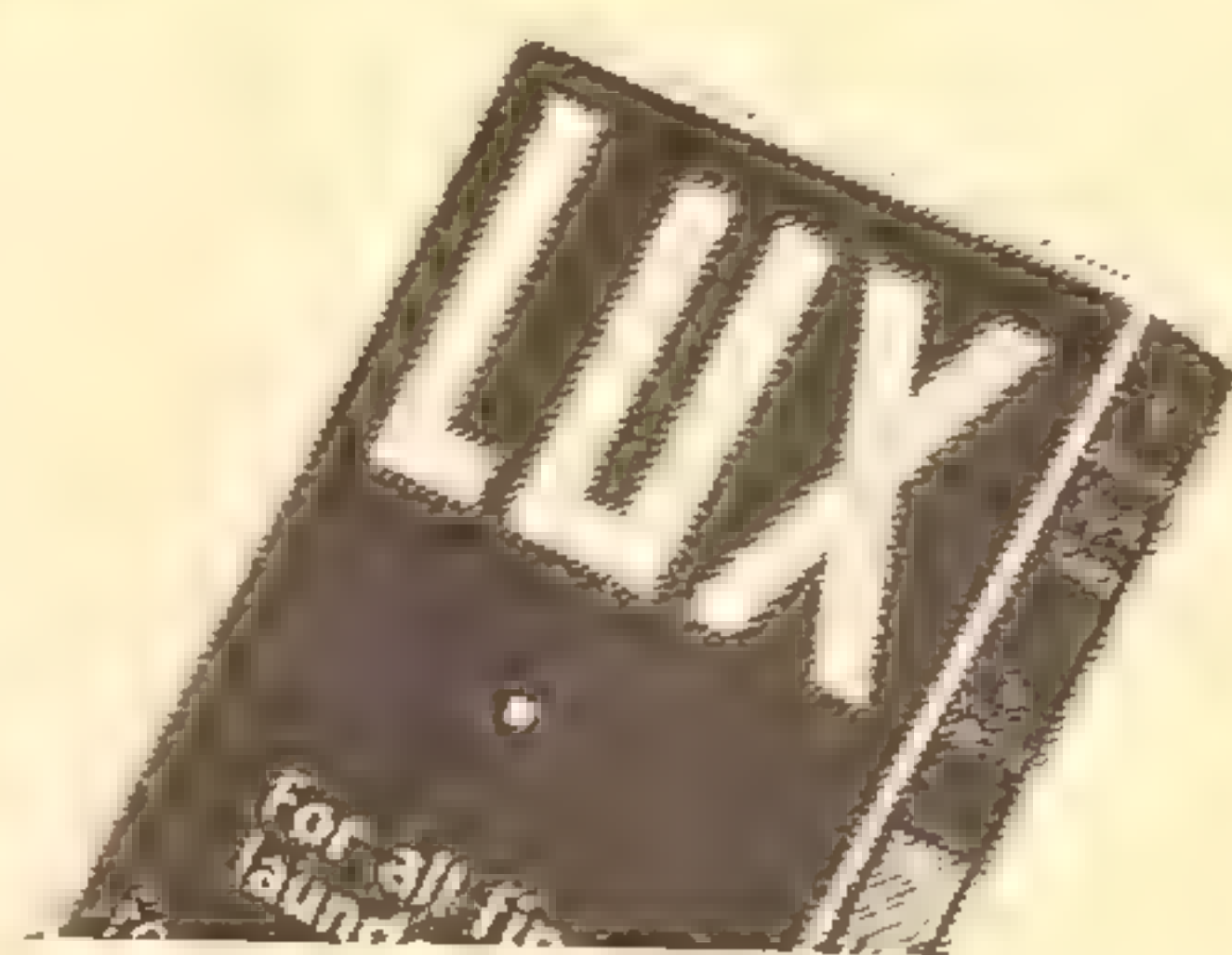
\* Madeleine Ingalls, above, tells the story of her discovery about stocking wear.

IT TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES to Lux your stockings each night! You'll find that it more than *doubles* their wear. Keeps them so elastic they fit better, too. And Lux protects the color as well. Many girls say it's the best stocking economy known!

"All these 445 items washed with one box of Lux," says Mrs. Robert Hughes:

|                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 36 pairs silk stockings   | 173 children's undies    |
| 38 pairs children's socks | 60 towels and washcloths |
| 38 pieces silk lingerie   | 20 children's sheets     |
| 40 children's dresses     | 40 diapers               |

## LUX saves stocking elasticity





Girl's figure carved out of Ivory Soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its quickest dissolving form



## Keeps silk stockings spruce and sprightly

If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

**Dissolves completely without hot water.** Ivory Snow is made in

the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but BLOWN. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

**Ideal for all silks and woolens.** Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "A perfect soap for silks" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "ideal for woolens" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespun, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!

Copr. 1933. Procter & Gamble Co.



99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE

## Has America Declared War on All Foreign Players?

(Continued from page 33)

affect the foreign colony in Hollywood.

"The Dickstein Bill," says Mr. Garsson, with conviction, "will be a blessing to those American men and women who are making their livelihood by working on the stage or in pictures. This bill will prohibit the bringing of foreign players, directors, writers or technicians, *unless they are of proven worth and have genius in their line.* Similar legislation against American players is already in force in most other countries.

"No actor, actress, director, writer or technician will be permitted to come to America to *seek* work. There will be no more actresses spending a year and a half here to learn the language before they can make a picture. Film companies will not be permitted to bring in any of these people without a special permit, and then they will not be allowed to stay on indefinitely. This rule will apply to such players as Marlene Dietrich, Chevalier, George Arliss and Garbo, the same as to any others.

"If a studio wishes to import a player from a foreign country for a picture, the officials of that company will have to present a sworn affidavit to the Immigration Department, stating that they *cannot find any player in America who is capable of playing that part.* Or if it is a writer, that *there is no writer in America who is able to write said story.* And then a permit will be granted only for the duration of time needed for making the picture or for writing or directing the story. Then the player, writer or director will have to go back home. He will not be permitted to stay here and shop around for another job, as has been the case in the past. And if a picture company cannot prove that there is no one in American ranks who could do the job, that company will find itself in a lot of trouble with the government.

### Putting It Up to Studios

"WE will not attempt, ourselves, to say who is a genius. We will not have an underpaid clerk pass judgment on anyone who claims to be a genius. We will not meet the boats and test foreign actors for genius. We will take the word of the picture company—but *the company had better be sure it is telling the truth about it.*

"With the passage of the Dickstein Bill, the American actor will be assured of an opportunity to make a living. And this assurance is surely needed. You would be amazed if you could hear the stories of some of these American players. Why, only yesterday an American actor who is known wherever pictures have been shown—a man who was a featured player—sat across my desk and told me his story. He has worked but seven days in the past two years—because foreign players of his type, who have come here and made their homes, have taken the work and parts he used to do. And he did them well. He pulled ninety cents out of his pocket and said: 'Mr. Garsson, this is all the money I have in the world. And I borrowed this to come down here to see you and tell you how badly we need the work the foreign actors are taking!'

"That," declared Mr. Garsson, "is a condition we must remedy. We do not object to the bringing of a player like Chevalier here to do a part no one else can do. We love George Arliss, who is in a class by himself and takes no work away from anyone; and we have room for a Ronald Colman or a Clive Brook. But we do object to hordes of players coming here and settling, many of them illegally and, while claiming



allegiance to another flag, taking the work that is so badly needed by our own players.

"With the passage of the Dickstein Bill there won't be such a thing as a lot of 'extras' over here who are foreigners. That is where the Dickstein Bill will be of benefit. Those people will not be allowed here. There are thousands of 'extras' of our own who can do all the 'extra' work we need done. Why not let them have the work and get money enough to eat on?"

#### They Must Behave to Remain

AND then Mr. Garsson pointed out something else—the matter of behavior. He said that even if a player has a legal permit to be here, he or she must behave or that permit will be revoked. He declared that while misbehavior has not been of more than average prevalence, there has been a certain number of offenses. Complaints of alleged offenses all have to be investigated, putting the Immigration Department to considerable trouble and expense.

Mr. Garsson also revealed that there are several supposed "foreign aristocrats" in the film business who are proving to be native Americans, posing as foreigners in the hope that they will get a better chance in pictures. "There are not many of them," he explained, "but there are a considerable number. They are coming to light now." On the other hand, there are several members of the film colony, born abroad, who are now naturalized American citizens like Norma Shearer, Edward G. Robinson, Victor McLaglen, Fifi Dorsay and producer Mack Sennett.

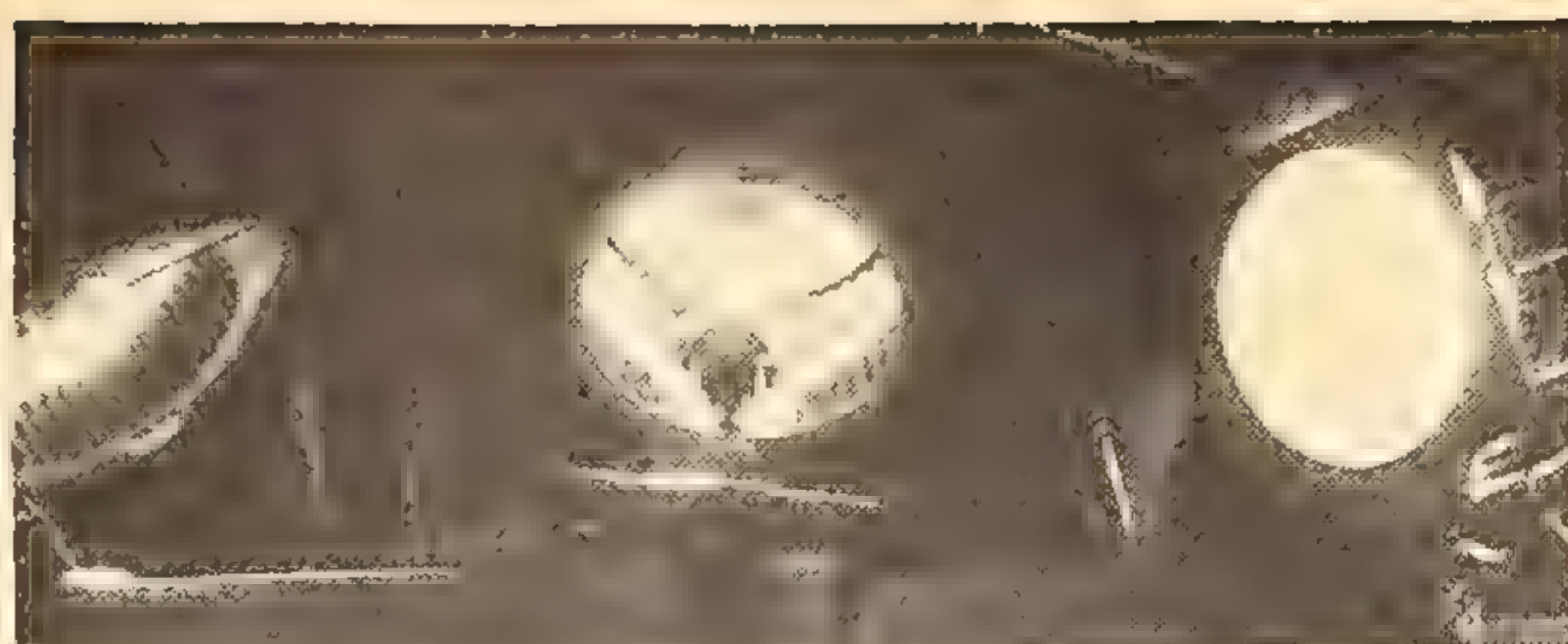
Another condition that has existed in Hollywood for some time will take the count when the Dickstein Bill is passed and the new order of things is in effect. This is the little matter of renewing permits simply by spending a pleasant week-end in nearby Mexico.

#### No More Easy Re-Entries

FOR a long time it has been the custom among foreign players to go to Agua Caliente, famous racing and gambling resort of Mexico, just as their six-months permits expired. After a pleasant little holiday in Mexico, the players would re-enter the United States under the immigration quotas allowed from their respective countries and would be all set for another six months. This has "burned up" a number of American players who do not get enough work to afford trips to Caliente, but it will be ended with the new law. "We are curbing it right now," said Mr. Garsson. "It would have been curbed sooner, had we been told about it."

And so, that is the situation in the Hollywood foreign circle at this writing. No one except Mr. Garsson and his assistants knows just who will depart; but it is certain that there will be a general egress of foreign players—some of them prominent—very shortly. Of course, many of them will no doubt be going "just for a visit to the old home," but the Immigration Department knows what prompts the visit—which, in many cases, will be permanent. And in the very near future, it will be American players playing the rôles in American pictures.

It will take more than a good-looking pair of legs to swing a permit for a foreign picture actress to get by the authorities at New York harbor; it will take acting ability so unusual that no one else in America can take the part she is scheduled to play. And those close to the picture business say that it will help the picture companies, for it will stop them from bringing possible future stars from abroad and futilely trying to make box-office hits of them. Studios won't waste time and money, searching for "discoveries"; they will get the best talent at the start.




## The LIGHT that enhances the beauty of the star

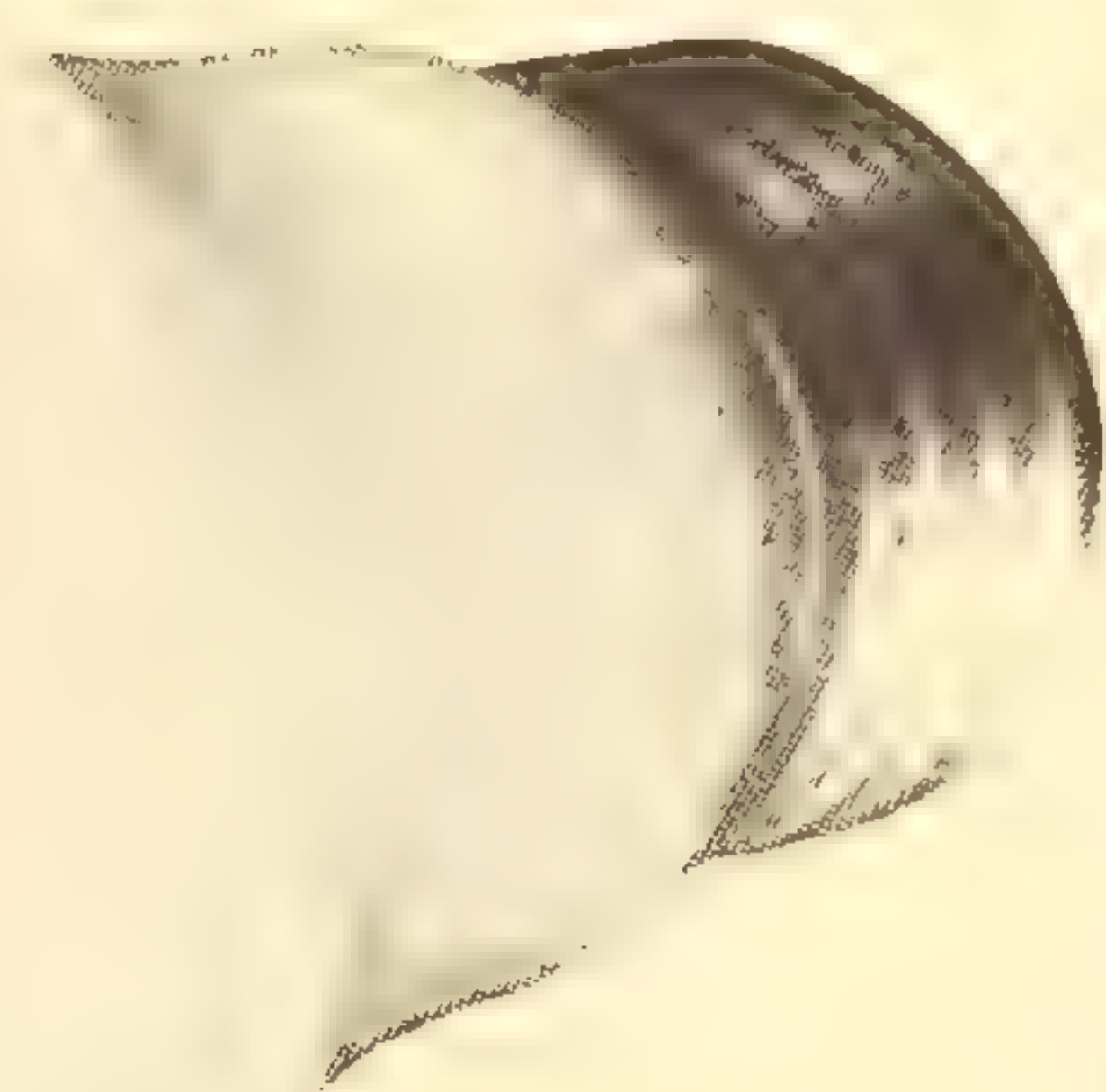


● Light sets the stage in Hollywood. Cleverly it plays on the star and brings out all her beauty. Nowhere in the world is light more important than in the motion picture studio.

That is why General Electric MAZDA lamps are favorites in Hollywood. The lighting experts of the studios know that General Electric MAZDA lamps give as good and as economical light as scientific research can devise.

You can have the same good, economical light in your home . . . if you choose the lamps that Hollywood uses. Look for the mark  on every lamp you buy. Then you will be sure to get good light at low cost.

Ruth Chatterton  
in Paramount's  
"Once a Lady"



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It lifts you up — it carries you away — across years and years — to that gayer, *thriller* world we all lived in at seventeen!

Give this pleasure to yourself and those around you! Wear Seventeen — respond to its subtle invitation to be young—glamorous—and care-free!

Wear Seventeen's fragrance in Perfume...Toilet Water...Sachet and a complete Ensemble of Scented Toiletries.

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Makers of

*Seventeen*

## Must Clara Bow Choose Between Marriage and Career?

(Continued from page 43)

about a saucy hat that dipped over her right eye; her dress matched it in color of tawny red, and a voluminous mink coat enveloped her roundish, though slender, figure.

Except for a fuller contour of face and for eyes that are somewhat moody, Clara is much the same girl of a year or so ago. That is, physically. Mentally, she has developed poise, a quality that belies the description given her a few years back by a newspaper woman who described her as a "madcap trying to be a lady."

Clara may have been a grand little "madcap" in her day—she certainly was the reporters' delight, and her escapades made many an eight-column banner line in the newspapers. But to-day that rough-and-ready quality is sublimated. The experience of lawsuits, with their attendant notoriety, and a constant barrage of sensational headlines—all this, coupled with a nervous breakdown, have transformed her vigorous, devil-may-care quality of yesterday into a vitality that at least recognizes some restraint. Instead of kicking off the lid and letting the chips fall where they will, Clara now heeds the philosophic warning of "Look before you leap."

### What Marriage Means to Her

"MARRIAGE has done worlds for me," she continued, with characteristic spirit and staccato rapidity in delivery of speech, which she alone seems to possess of all the Hollywood feminine stars. She is a veritable Floyd Gibbons in rapid-fire talking. I have never known Clara to grope helplessly for the right word. If she doesn't find it instantly, she simply makes a fluttering gesture with her hands and her meaning is unmistakable.

"Marriage means the fulfillment of everything for me, as it must for every woman. I hope sometime to have a child, too, and then my destiny as a woman will be complete. This sounds like the bunk, I know. But I mean it. Else I wouldn't say it.

"Now, as to Rex. He treats me differently from any man I have ever known. Maybe that's his fascination. I've known many fellows—grand ones—but every one of them spoiled me, let me have my own way. I was always willful. They acceded to my headstrong disposition. Rex doesn't seem to recognize it. Or if he does, he is smart about it, because he doesn't give in to me. He tells me what he thinks is the best thing for me to do, and then, without being arbitrary, he makes it plain that I can 'take it or leave it,' so far as he is concerned. That attitude is good for me, I guess.

"But honestly, I could never tell you what a real friend he has been to me. All through those terrible lawsuits—oh, boy, they were awful, and they just about did me up!—Rex stood right by me. Oh, I always had lots of friends, men friends, who lent me their moral support and all that when I needed it. But Rex was just like a big brother to me. He was always on hand when I needed him. And he's like that to-day.

### Rex Responsible for Comeback

"HE helped me regain my health by taking me up on his big ranch near Searchlight, Nevada. And it was Rex who always urged me to stage a comeback in pictures. He would always say to me, 'Honey, go ahead and show them what you can do. Settle the slurs of some of those

smart prophets who say you can't make a comeback even if you want to. Go on and make just one picture to satisfy yourself. Show all of your old fans, and the crepe-hangers, too, that you've got the stuff in you as a dramatic actress that they've never known about. And then, quit the fool business for life, if you feel like it. But at least show what you're made of!

"It was Rex's marvelous confidence in me that made me believe in myself again. When I asked Paramount over a year ago to terminate my contract, I swore I would never go back into the game. I hated everything about the business. I despised the notoriety I seemed to attract. I was sick of it all and completely fed up. And then another reaction set in. I started to lose confidence in myself. I thought I was licked. I have plenty of money to take care of myself comfortably for the rest of my life. I kept thinking of that, but it wasn't enough to console me—for the reason that I was losing spirit. Rex is the one person who kept encouraging me then, constantly telling me how good I was. Well, he's swell and I think everything of him. *More than any career. Because he's real—and careers aren't!*"

Until Clara married Rex Bell, nobody had ever heard much about him. There were many wagging tongues in Hollywood that accused him of having deliberately cashed in on some grand publicity by forcing his hand with the famous "bonfire" at the very height of her career when she was making millions for the producers and several thousand dollars a week for herself.

### Clara His "First and Only"

BELL at that time had actually accomplished little in the films to distinguish himself, other than having doubled for Buck Jones and having had a contract with Fox to make Westerns. He probably wasn't making over a hundred dollars a week in those days. His present contract with Trem Carr Productions for ten pictures, the option on which will doubtless be taken up, because of Bell's appeal in small towns, probably brings him a salary in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars a week.

Despite any innuendoes of the wagging tongues, the salient fact remains that Rex Bell was probably the exact man to come into Clara's life at the crucial moment when her career was in jeopardy because of the notoriety to which it was being subjected. And the fact remains that in the hour when she needed a real friend most, along *did* come Rex Bell—a clean-cut chap, substantial, protecting—the knight in armor, ready to defend the fair lady in distress. He helped her fight her battles.

"Any man who loves a girl enough to marry her will naturally fight for her. Otherwise, he's a sap. I love Clara—she's the first girl I really loved, and there never will be another, no matter what happens. Naturally, I am going to fight to preserve our marriage. But if anyone thinks that Clara's return success on the screen is going to be any cause for splitting up our marriage, they're underestimating Clara's good common sense. If she ever ceases to love me—well, that's something else. That would be a good, sound reason."

### May Give Up Career for Her

THUS spoke Rex Bell to me one day on a cold, damp set where he was making the final scenes of "Crashin' Broadway,"



preparatory to his rushing on to New York to meet Clara. He is twenty-six years old, the same age as Clara, and in many ways as much of a kid as she is. He was "throwing" a farewell party to the company that night on the set where they had been working and had engaged a large bus to carry the entire crowd down to the station with him to see him off! Typical kid stuff—and very appealing.

"As for Clara's making a wonderful new success as the result of her comeback, no one wishes it more than myself. If I find, however, that her career and my own are going to separate too much, then I will take some action to correct that condition. And by that I mean that if, for instance, she should again achieve the great popularity that she had a few years ago, and my own career isn't setting the world on fire, I will change my line of work for something that will keep me closer to her.

"No, there's nothing sacrificial about that at all. It's just good common sense. For instance, I told Clara the other day that I might as well devote my time to her completely in the combined jobs of business manager, chauffeur, personal maid, secretary, and even masseuse, and collect a good salary for all this work, rather than try to work all day at the studio in my career and handle her many affairs in addition! It's almost getting to be too big an undertaking to do my own work and manage her career, also.

"Clara and I have lots of fun together. We're very companionable. But, of course, it is very hard for me to try to follow her whims and make pictures at the same time. She loves night-clubs and parties. Well, so do I. But I can't do justice to my work and health by trying to play around half the night at some club and report for work three or four hours later. It can't be done. That's O. K. once in a while, but not as a steady diet. Not that I mean Clara wants to go out every night. But she likes fun, just the same.

#### Both of Them Are Independent

"I SUPPOSE the success of our marriage so far has been due to the fact that I never object to her doing what she really wants to do. I am not jealous of her for the reason that I believe she could have married one of a dozen fellows who were crazy about her. She preferred me. I got the break and I think I am lucky. Maybe I do show an independent attitude toward her once in a while by not doing what she wants me to do, but that is because I feel it is the better thing for both of us. She has a mind of her own, though, and once she decides to do a thing she goes through with it. In such cases, I present my point of view, and if she still wants her way—well, I let her take it. It saves time and argument.

"She may think I don't baby her, but that's all wrong and I found it out to my own surprise just recently. After having put in a long day at the studio, I found myself running all kinds of personal errands for her, and in response to her request that I massage her arm because it pained, I soon discovered that I was performing the duties of personal maid and masseuse. It was then I asked her what the dickens I really was—an actor or a servant-in-waiting! And she answered. 'Both. And, in addition, a loving husband.' After that, what's a man to do—especially when she's so darned sweet about it?"

If I were a prophet, I should hate to predict any dire results to the marriage of Clara and Rex, because it's all so very romantic now and their sky seems serenely blue. Supposing there is a dark cloud moving in from the West? Threatening clouds sometimes pass right by.

**Film GOT IT!**

*and a million dollars couldn't put it back!*

## Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

**F**ILM... what is it? A soft, sticky mass that stains teeth an ugly yellow. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film and form hard, irritating tartar that makes gums bleed.

Film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs... *Lactobacilli*. These germs produce strong acid. This acid eats away the tooth enamel just as other acids eat into cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid until the nerve is reached... the root canal infected... and unless repaired, results may well prove tragic.

#### "What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance that is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist at least twice every year.

#### See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m.  
**At noon**—the film detector\* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

**At 8 p. m.**—the film detector\* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

**At 10 p. m.**—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

\* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

**Pepsodent**—is the special film-removing tooth paste



# "America or France? — Fifty-Fifty for Me!" Says Chevalier

(Continued from page 51)



*Beauty Secrets  
are "secret" no longer!*

**E**VERY clever woman now knows what the stars of the stage and screen have known for years . . . that a beautifully-kept hairdress is the most important aid to perfect feminine beauty! That is why HOLD-BOBS are the inevitable rule in boudoirs and dressing rooms of well-groomed women. These famous bob pins are not only convenient, but they keep a perfect hairdress perfect!

HOLD-BOBS have small, round heads that do not show in the hair, and smooth, round points that cannot scratch the scalp. The flexible legs are tapered, one side is crimped to hold the hair securely in place. HOLD-BOBS are available in colors to match every type of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS always . . . either the straight style or the curved shape style to attain a flawless hairdress and to keep it that way! Send for FREE Sample!

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Write today for sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color) and new booklet, "The Quest for Beauty" . . . FREE . . . send coupon.

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SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS



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cern himself about matters political, but after one or two passes at it, he gave it up. There is not, he says, so much talk about depression and politics in Paris as there is elsewhere in the world.

## Has No Cure-All for Depression

"I DO feel," Chevalier said, "that things must be very bad to-day. They are more grave, I feel rather than think, than they have ever been before at any time, even after the World War. Heretofore, I feel, such conditions have been peculiar to one or more countries. Now, to-day, it is a universal matter and that is very bad. But I do not know where we are going or what is the remedy, if any. I only know that I am not the man and have not the brain to find a solution to such a problem. I do not know who can find it. I do know that I could not."

Which, perhaps, is just as it should be. Chevalier is a great entertainer. His mission is to lift the heart with his lilting *Smiling Lieutenants*, to dispel gloom with his deliciously naughty, but-oh-so-nice gaiety, to make a world of depression and threat and fear temporarily a world where tailors make love to Princesses and the effervescence of champagne and moonlit love-making are the only burdens on a blessedly giddy planet. *Vive Chevalier*, I say, if he can keep on doing just what he has been doing!

"In Paris, however," Chevalier was saying, "things go on much as ever, at least on the surface. If the shows are good, the people go to them. The only difference is, perhaps, that they do not spend their money so freely to try shows that have not been tested, that may be second-rate. The cafés and the night-clubs are still attended with only a very slight falling off in regular attendance."

"I wish I could tell you more of what I think about the French debt and technocracy and such matters. I am not shirking the questions—I do not know about them."

## Not in America for Money

**W**HATEVER Chevalier may be lacking in political information is one thing. He is certainly not lacking in a very firm grasp upon his own part in the Franco-American situation. There has been talk, you know, to the effect that France is indignant with her debonair son for confining his efforts, his money, his place of residence and his prestige so much to America. America, on the other hand, shows signs of ruffling her mighty feathers and evincing a slight distaste for foreign actors and actresses who are over here filling places that might otherwise be filled by American-born players. Whether anything will ever be done about it or not it is hard to prophesy.

When I asked him about his status, in France and over here, Chevalier said, "When I first came to America, I did not come for the dollars, as some people said and thought. I would not refuse the dollars—why should I?—but they were not my reason for coming over here. I was already a big star in Paris. I had enough money to satisfy my simple and normal requirements. I did not then and I do not now want twenty servants and two Rolls-Royces. I would not know what to do with them. I had enough fame over there, too, to satisfy what you call the ego."

"No, I came to America because I thought it would be good for a Frenchman to start on the ladder to *international fame*, to international success. It seemed to me that it might be a very good thing for me to

do, politically as well as personally. There, again, it was a matter of feeling with me, rather than of thinking. I felt that it would be the good thing for a Frenchman to be a success here and, so, everywhere.

## How France Took His Success

**T**HAT first year I had a great success. When I went home in the Spring, I was received in Paris as a king returning. I have never seen before such an enormous reception. They seemed to be so happy for me and about me.

"Then, I came back to America again. Naturally, they had options on me and naturally they would take up those options when I had been a success. That next time when I went home, after making 'The Love Parade,' the reception was even bigger than before. This time, my success was not just a chance thing; it had become definite. And then, that year, in some funny little papers over there, things began to be said."

"Some wrote that what did I think I was—Napoleon or some conquering hero? Or Lafayette? They pointed out that I was a very good entertainer, but no Napoleon. I could read that there was jealousy there, and some bad feeling. And so I just went into my shell, and did not go out any more and when it was time, I slipped quietly out of Paris and came back to Hollywood."

"This last time I have been home, just now, things were about the same. The theatre was full when I played and I came to understand that whatever feeling there might be, the public did not share it. I have often looked for a sour expression on this face or that in the audiences. I have watched for some display of feeling that would not be kind to me. I have never seen it."

"I know, of course, why they feel that way over there. They feel that a man should give his time and live a good part of his life in the country that gave him birth, that loved him, that gave him his first recognition."

## His Plan for the Future

**S**O, now, I have made my plan: This year is the last year of my present contract. I have two more pictures to make and then this contract is finished. After that, *I shall spend six months here in America and six months in France.*

"Over here, I shall hope to make two pictures with Lubitsch or Mamoulian or Norman Taurog, and in Paris I shall hope to make two with René Clair, who is the best director we have there. I think that is very neat—no one can be offended. I shall be perfectly fair and just, and that is the way I want it."

"I could not stay all the time in France. Over here, they have been very kind to me, too. I have things I want to do. I hope to change the type of work I am doing from time to time, to improve, to give better than I have given before. And I could not stay all the time here, because it is right that I should be half of the time in my own country. I think that will satisfy everyone, including me."

"Do you think," I said, dropping foreign relations for domestic with a swift, Lubitschian shift, "do you think that you will ever marry again?"

"I would not dare," Chevalier answered, without even a twinkle in his incredibly blue eyes. "I am not in love. I have no marriage plans. I am satisfied now that I am free and at peace."



"And Madame Chevalier?" I asked, "What is she planning to do?"

"She may return to the stage," her ex-husband said. "I hope she will, and I wish her every success. She is a dancer, as you know. She danced with me; that is the way we met. And she can sing. And she is young. She should find success very easily."

### Why Marriage Is Not for Him

**B**UT marriage—marriage is not for me. There are too many things against it. When a man who is working in the studio comes home at night, he is tired, he is irritable, he is nervous. He does not want to talk. He does not want to go out, or even to be talked to. His wife, who has been at home all day, doing nothing, is not tired. She wants to talk. She wants to go out. She wants to be talked to. Then the trouble begins. . . .

"Then, there is jealousy. You would have to be more than human beings to rise above all these things. Jealousy cannot very well be avoided in our profession. And the American columnists do not help this very much. Some one of us is always being seen talking to this lady or that one, or lunching or walking about. Then the columnists write things. Sometimes they hit the nail on the head; sometimes they write things that do not hit the nail on the head. Which-ever way it is makes no difference at home—whether it is true or false, it causes the same trouble.

"I believe in destiny, you know. I am what you call a man of destiny. I do not believe that we can do very much about what is or is not to be for us. I have never planned or worked for anything in all my life. I did not work to get on the stage. I just got there. I did not scheme and work to get into movies. I was invited to come here. I never have worked or made issues about my contracts or my stories or any of the details of my work. I never plan about anything. I know that if a thing is to be, it will be.

### May Face Lonely Future

**T**HERE is, sometimes, I think, a *choice*. With me, for instance, I should like to have beautiful babies. I do not have them. I have to choose the other way of life. There are poor men who are struggling along day after day, barely alive, and they can have beautiful babies, sons and daughters for their old age. There is, on the other side, a man like myself whose conditions of money are all right and I cannot have those babies.

"I know that I may be lonely after I am fifty or more. I have to leave that, too, to the blind destiny I believe in. I must choose between living all my life in disharmony with my wife and having those babies, or living peacefully alone by myself and having no sons.

"I do what seems to be there to do at the moment. I do not worry about the to-morrows.

"It is my feeling that I am driving a car. I do what I can, I know, to drive sanely, safely, within the rules and regulations of traffic. I may reach my various destinations safely and in good shape or—I may have an accident. I can only handle this wheel we may call life as competently as I know how—I cannot drive and also look with my eyes to see what is around the corner."

In real life, he does not have babies; but in "A Bedtime Story," his new picture, he has one. And his "heir," moreover, has a provocative lower lip like his own—and a big smile. In case you're interested, it took a search of one thousand babies to find one to match him. But where could you ever find another adult Chevalier? That's what America and France both want to know. But neither will have to start looking, for both are going to have him!

# YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER by Eating Sugar

says SYLVIA

*World's Foremost Authority on  
the Care of the Feminine Figure*



If you are anxious to get rid of hips and spare chins faster, *don't* say good-bye to sugar! That's my advice to stars of the screen, footlights and the Social Register. And it's part of the reducing advice I'm paid \$100 a half hour for.

In a moment I'll tell you *why* sugar helps you reduce faster. But first let me give you my basic rules for acquiring *and keeping*—a slender figure:

**FIRST:** Get enough exercise. Walk at least a couple of miles a day outdoors.

**SECOND:** Avoid fat, rich foods, gravies and sauces. And NO liquor!

**THIRD:** Don't starve yourself on sugar. The right sweet at the right time helps you reduce faster.

### Why Sugar SPEEDS UP Reducing

Here's the very latest dietetic finding, and my own experience proves that it is correct. Body fats are fuel. Sugar provides the flame that most quickly and safely melts away body fats.

That's why sugar *helps* you reduce—and why I always prescribe Life Savers for my clients. These delicious candies give quickly assimilated sugar energy—without fat-producing bulk. Life Savers dissolves slowly on the tongue, satisfying your natural craving for sweets. Enjoy them often—and help along your reducing!

You are certain to find a Life Savers flavor you will relish, because there are fourteen kinds. My pet is the new Cryst-O-mint, but yours may be something else.

### Come On, Sister . . . Let's Go!

Prove to me that you are in earnest about reducing and I'll make you a gift of a booklet that contains reducing information I get hundreds of dollars for. Show me that you have *started* my program and this book comes to you—free. Prove it by sending me the wrappers from two Life Savers packages, together with the coupon below.

*Madame Sylvia*



BETTE DAVIS, Beautiful Warner Bros. featured player, now appearing in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."



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Dept. MC-4-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions, or Canada, include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

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TO GAIN WEIGHT AND  
HAVE A REAL FIGURE

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE  
SKINNY. I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO  
GAIN 10 LBS. IN A FEW WEEKS

Posed by professional models

## New discovery! Fills out skinny figures quicker than BEER

*Astonishing gains in a few weeks  
with sensational new double tonic.  
Imported beer yeast, richest yeast  
known, now concentrated seven times  
and combined with energizing iron.  
Adds 5 to 15 lbs.—quick!*



WHAT would you  
yourself give  
to put on pounds of  
firm, attractive flesh in a few short weeks?  
Thousands have already done it—inexpensively—with this new discovery.

As you know, doctors for years prescribed beer to build up skinny, rundown men and women. But now this new discovery gives you even better results—puts on firmer, healthier flesh than beer—and in a much shorter time. And brings other benefits, too. Blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll

see ugly angles fill out, hollow chest develop, arms and legs round out pleasingly. Complexion becomes lovely, indigestion disappears—new vitality comes.

### Danger in skinny body

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 204 Atlanta, Ga.

#### 8 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"In one week I gained 4 lbs., in 3 weeks 8 lbs. with Ironized Yeast. Tired feeling and constipation are gone, too." Roy H. Tinney, Oklahoma City, Okla.

#### 11 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

After taking Ironized Yeast for 3 weeks I gained 11 lbs. and new pep." Mrs. H. J. Froreich, National City, Calif.

#### 15 Lbs. in Month

"I gained 15 lbs. in a month with Ironized Yeast." Louise Adams, Friars Point, Miss.

## Legs! Do They Have to Show Them?

(Continued from page 25)

the press-agents pause. If the newcomer still is not awed by the imposing precedent of all these stars who first got ahead by posing for leg art, the publicity men have one more trump card to play. You're right. None other than Garbo.

The great Garbo was once a screen beginner, too, they say. And she took leg art. Although examples are now collectors' pieces, there are a few in existence showing Greta in a track suit engaged in various exercises, Greta cavorting in a bathing suit on the sands of the seashore, and Greta modeling early 1926 lingerie.

At this tremendous revelation, there remains no possible protest. The newcomer meekly poses as desired. Precedent, in the persuasive hands of a glib press-agent, is a powerful weapon.

### Glenda Is the Exception

SO leg art goes on, winning aspiring girls space in publications that could not spare the space for them if it were not to answer a public demand. For the public does demand decorative pictures—and what could be more decorative than these pretty young things?

But to every rule there is an exception. And the phenomenon now before us is a young lady named Glenda Farrell.

When Glenda made her smash hit as the Mama who sang "Frankie and Johnnie" and carried a hot-water bottle for a flask in "Life Begins," the brothers Warner lost no time in obtaining her signature on a long-term contract. They would make of her, it was announced, a new wisecracking siren who would soon take her rightful place among the stars of the cinema heavens. "We expect great things of Glenda Farrell," they said. "She has established a place for herself on the stage. She will go even further on the screen."

The public seemed to agree. Her fan mail has grown by leaps and bounds. Her performances have won high praise and the press, always alert for new film faces, have called for interviews and photographs. They have pawed through huge stacks of examples of the photographers' art. There have been plenty of pictures depicting Glenda's every mood, from smiles to tears. But wonder of wonders—not a single bit of leg art.

Such departure from tradition is news in Hollywood. If the proverbial man had bitten the proverbial dog, a greater furor could not have been caused. Every reporter in town arose to cry in amazement, "What! No legs?"

"None," answered the studio publicity department. "Miss Farrell has decided that she will rise or fall strictly upon her talents as an actress. She is playing siren rôles, it is true. Her belief is, however, that she can display sex without exhibiting it, if you know what we mean."

The reporters didn't know, but they nodded their heads. In truth, it sounded somewhat like rank heresy to them. It sounded like a story to us and, as it has long been the policy of MOVIE CLASSIC to give its readers the last word in news, we ventured to ask Glenda Farrell her reasons for defying precedent. We put the question as best we could, albeit a bit timidly. We drew a large smile in response.

### "Neither Prude Nor Puritan"

"I HOPE I am neither a prude nor a Puritan," Glenda said. "It is just that I can't see the slightest excuse for posing in undies of any sort. This is entirely a personal opinion and judging by the num-



bers who differ with me, decidedly a wee voice in the minority.

"If what success I am able to attain on the screen should make me an important figure in the film industry, my pictures will be published entirely on merit. There is no need meanwhile for me to attempt gate-crashing methods of obtaining publicity. What others have done before me has no bearing upon the matter. If they held different views from mine, I haven't the right to criticize. They probably were motivated by reasons of which I know nothing. And it is their business, just as what I do is mine.

"We had this all out at the studio months and months ago. The ink on my contract was hardly dry when I was called into the photographic gallery for a portrait sitting. The first thing I was handed was a cute little bunny suit.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"Put it on," they told me. "We're making some art for Easter and want you for one of the bunnies."

### Why She Refused

"I LOST no time in announcing that they had picked on the wrong rabbit. A patient publicity man started a long explanation. He told me why it would be advisable to get my name in the papers. He called it a build-up. I said I didn't want to be built-up if the procedure meant my wearing bunny suits. Whereupon he became even more patient and said that every star on the screen to-day had once gone through the same thing. His attitude was this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you, little girl.

"I fear I was abrupt in my positive refusal. I wasn't sure but what my contractual status might suffer. Still, I felt I was right. Since then I have done many things in the name of publicity, even to going to a zoo to be photographed aboard an elephant in an effort to be a good fellow.

"The public will never have my insufficiently-clad person thrust upon them without cause. Advancing a screen characterization is one thing. Posing in a bunny suit is quite another."

And that seems to be that, according to Glenda Farrell. It may be recalled in passing that her legs have been seen on the screen as part of a characterization now forgotten. She once played a murderess in a courtroom drama made by Universal. This is offered in proof that Glenda has no reason to hide her knees other than the very excellent reasons she has advanced.

After all, figures don't lie.



Portraits like this were what changed Norma Shearer's whole career



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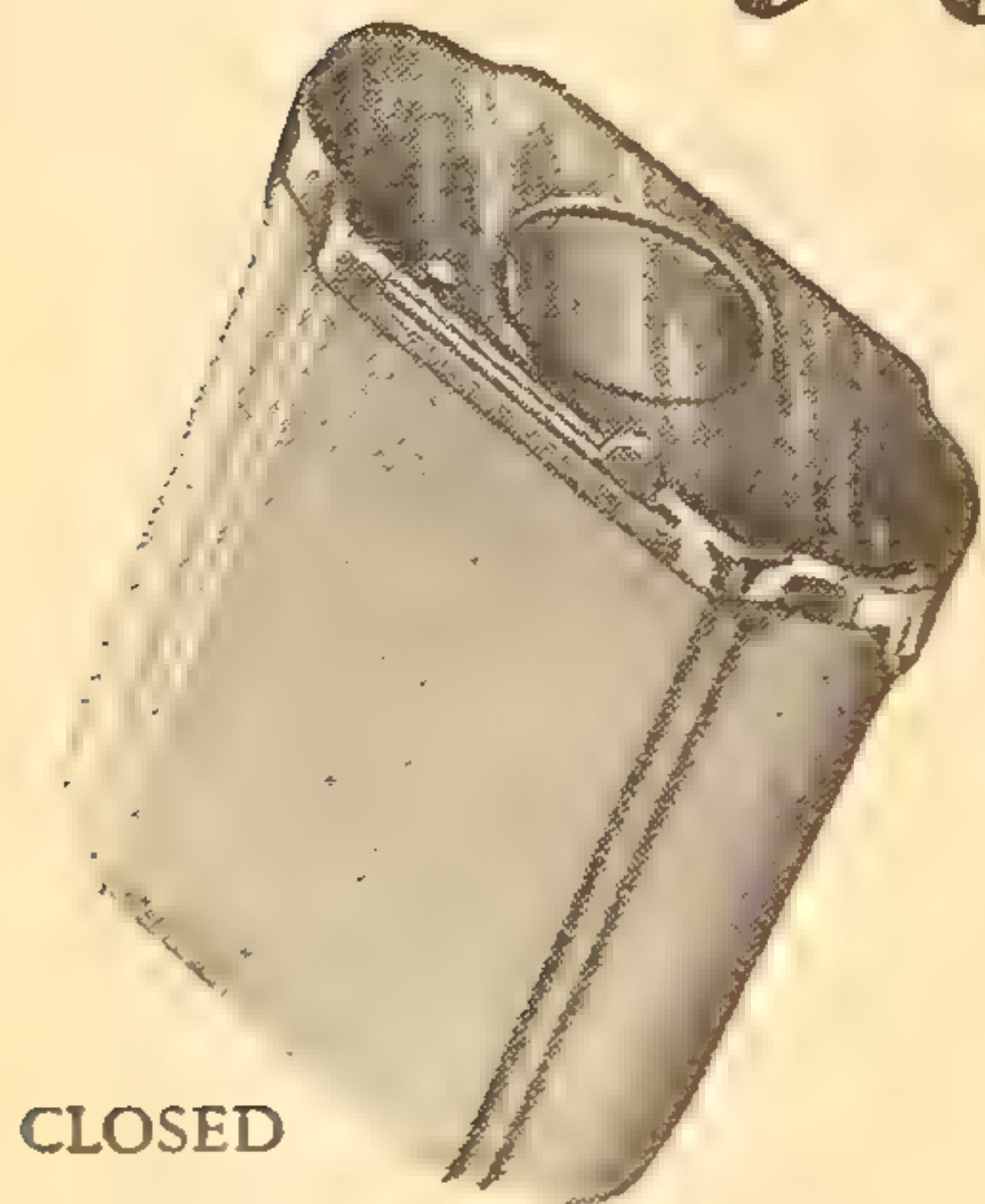
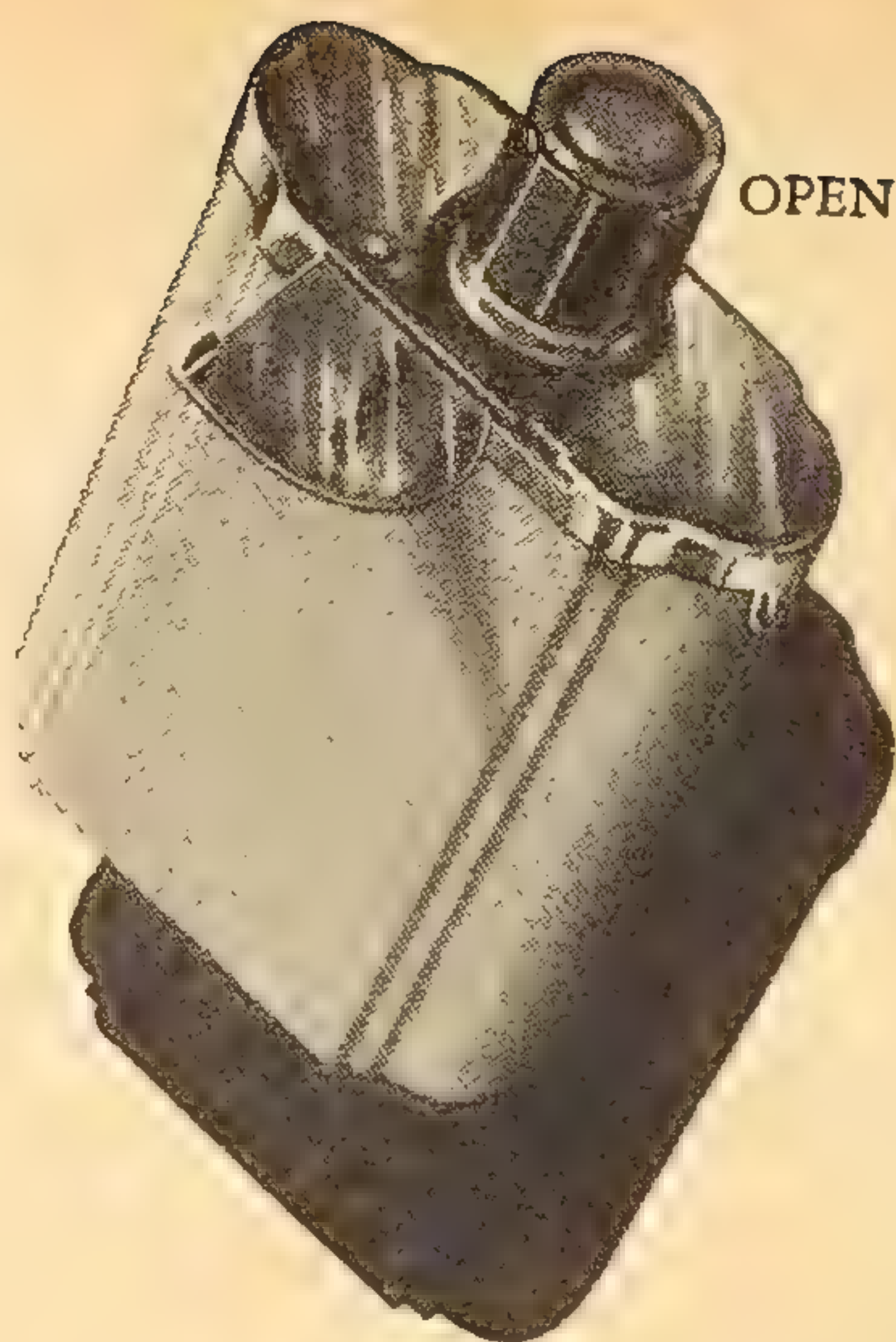
This year, your hats make demands of your hair and your hair makes demand of a wave—that only Eugene can satisfy. For only the Eugene Permanent Wave can give your hair the rolling, natural undulations and the flattering face-and-neck curls of the mode.

Don't think that all permanents are alike. *They're not.* Don't think that any permanent wave will do. *It won't.* This year, your wave must be perfect and its frame of curls for the nape of your neck must be *permanent*. You have that assurance when your hairdresser uses the internationally famous Eugene Method and genuine Eugene Sachets. Make sure that the Eugene Trade Mark figure, "the goddess of the wave," appears on each sachet or waving wrapper. Make sure for the best of all possible reasons:—The beauty and the safety of your hair! Eugene, Ltd. . . New York · London · Paris · Berlin · Barcelona · Sydney

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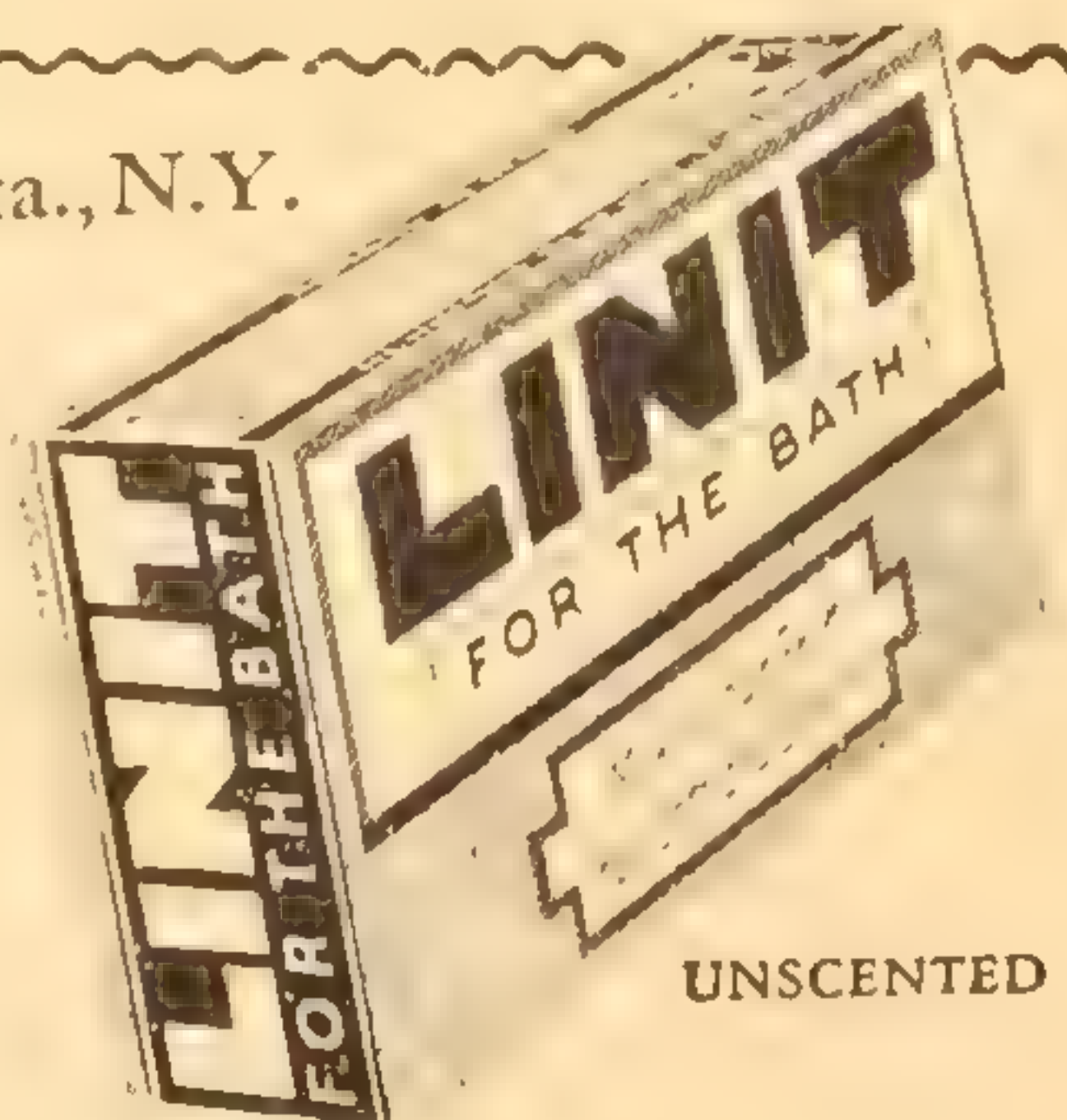
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THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

## How Movie Stars Fight the Gangster Menace

(Continued from page 21)

Here are a few of the dauntless men and women of the screen who have been "put on the spot" by gangland—but have not paid a penny of tribute: Mary Pickford, Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, Marion Davies, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Oakie, Betty Compson, Eddie Cantor, Victor McLaglen, Stan Laurel, Lilian Bond, Marian Nixon and Natalie Talmus, wife of the head of the Technicolor Corporation.

And here is how these people have handled the gangsters.

A "stool pigeon" revealed the fact that gangsters were planning to kidnap Mary Pickford and hold her until Douglas Fairbanks, her husband, paid a ransom of \$200,000. The plan was well laid. The Shriners were to hold a big convention in Los Angeles, and the kidnaping was to take place the day of the opening of the convention. Wearing Shriner badges and regalia, the would-be kidnapers figured they would be able to hang around the gates of the studio with little difficulty. It looked easy. But the police had been watching the gangsters for a month and suddenly swooped down and arrested them. They were convicted and sent to prison for ten years to life. And that ended gangster attempts to get Mary.

### Gary's Reception for Gangsters

GARY COOPER, who is a man of action both on and off the screen, had been approached by gangsters in New York. They demanded \$5,000. He gave them an icy stare. They followed him to Hollywood and repeated their demands. He was adamant. And then he was awakened at five o'clock one morning by the ringing of his telephone.

"We're comin' right over to get you or the five grand," said a voice.

"All right. Come on over," replied Gary.

He telephoned for a friend and then the police. Then he prepared for the arrival of the gangsters. It was a reception they did not expect.

His friend arrived before the gangsters. Gary gave him a gun and stationed him behind some bushes on the front lawn. It was still dark and Gary had the advantage. Soon an automobile pulled up in front of the Cooper home and three gangsters stepped out. They were so sure of their success that they strolled slowly up the front walk.

Gary stepped forward and they saw him with two wicked-looking guns trained right on them.

"Now get to H--- out of here and don't come back," said Gary, "If you make one wrong move, I'll plug you."

The surprised trio heard the clicking of a gun hammer and the slight cough of Gary's friend in the bushes at their rear. With a start they turned on their heels and ran—and they have never come back!

### Lloyd Estate an Armed Camp

THE situation in the Harold Lloyd home has been really serious for a long time. The Lloyds live in a sort of continual siege, and the Lloyd children do not know what it means not to be under the watchful eye of armed guards. For a number of years gangsters have been hounding Lloyd, and have been demanding thousands of dollars with threats of kidnaping his children if he does not pay.

The Lloyd home and grounds have become an armed camp. Guards patrol the estate day and night. It is uncanny to see the children at play and to know that in the bushes out of their sight are men with guns ready to shoot down any member of gangland who attempts to harm them. The



playroom and bedrooms of the children are equipped with every known protective device. It is almost impossible for a fly to try to get in without any alarm. When the last baby, Harold, Jr., was born, an armed guard sat beside the hospital incubator twenty-four hours a day. That is the Lloyd answer to gangland, and if its members ever try anything, they will meet with certain death.

Stan Laurel is one of the latest to be threatened. Immediately after it had been reported that he and his wife were parting and that he was settling a large sum on her and on their little girl, he received a threat and a demand for \$10,000. He was told to pay or go "on the spot." He ignored the first warning. Then came another. He was ordered to get \$10,000 in large bills and carry them in an envelope in his pocket all of the time until the gangsters came for them. He was told that some day, while driving, he would see men working (as they often do) in the street, with a red flag to protect them from traffic. As he slowed for this flag, a man would come over and climb into his car. He would collect the money.

#### Laurel Disregarding Red Flags

"WELL," said Laurel, in telling this writer about it, "I guess they will have to kill me, for I don't intend to take them seriously and go packing ten thousand dollars around to give to them. Anyone who waves a red flag at me now will have a tough time stopping me—even a flagman at a railroad crossing. Anyway, if the flag-waver does succeed in getting in my car, I shall certainly tell him that he is too late—that another flag-waver has already collected the money. Then he can go and fight it out with his friends. They can't expect me to know which flag-waver it is.

"I think that there are a lot of cranks who try to put something over on us. But cranks or gangsters, they are all the same when they get after the money. I haven't taken any unusual precautions, but I can say that they won't get anything."

It is significant that Laurel has engaged a very combative-appearing chauffeur since receiving the gangland threats. Being an alien, Laurel is not allowed to carry a gun. But he looked very wise when he explained that aliens cannot get gun permits.

Marlene Dietrich is another star who has had a disturbing time with gangsters. The underworld decided that she would be "easy pickings," so sent her a demand for \$10,000, and threatened to kidnap her child if she failed to pay. She ignored this demand. A second came and she told the police. Then a third letter came, increasing the demand to \$20,000.

"You, Marlene Dietrich," said the letter, "if you want to save Marie to be a screen star, your own girl, pay, and if you don't she will be but a loving memory to you. Don't dare to call the detectives again. Keep this to yourself."

#### Marlene Has Chauffeur-Guard

THERE is gangland!—threatening to strike at a mother through her child. With fear in her heart, she notified the police again and her home became a fortress, packed with police, private detectives and sheriffs. A heavy bodyguard was placed over Marlene at all times. One of her guards was her chauffeur. Gradually, the matter has died down, but there is still that threat hanging over her—still that fear that some day the gunmen of the underworld may strike. *But there has been no tribute.*

Natalie Talmus, wife of the president of the Technicolor Corporation, did not fare so well with her dealing with gangland.

"I received a letter demanding five-thousand dollars," Mrs. Talmus told this writer. "I was told that I would be killed if I did not pay. I took the matter as a joke

(Continued on page 79)

*Skin dull and muddy?  
Pimples and blemishes?  
Headaches?  
Fatigue? Losing  
your charm?*



## CHECK Constipation

### THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

**How pure pasteurized yeast strengthens  
intestinal nerves and muscles—restores normal  
elimination without drugs or medicines**

DULL SKIN, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation! This enemy of good health and charm causes an endless string of common ills.

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#### Vitamin Shortage—True Cause of Countless Cases of Constipation

To get out of that evil laxative habit, you must strengthen the stomach and intestines. Make them function normally once more. Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is lack of sufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, it is likely that a shortage of vitamin B is the cause of your trouble. Supply this factor in adequate amounts and elimination becomes easy and regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements in yeast tone up the entire digestive and intestinal system. They nourish weakened muscles and

nerves. Thus they promote normal intestinal action in a natural, healthful way. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live again!

#### Yeast That's Good to Eat

You will like Yeast Foam Tablets. They have a pleasing, nut-like taste and they are scientifically pasteurized. Thus they *cannot* cause gas or discomfort. Remember, this yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States Government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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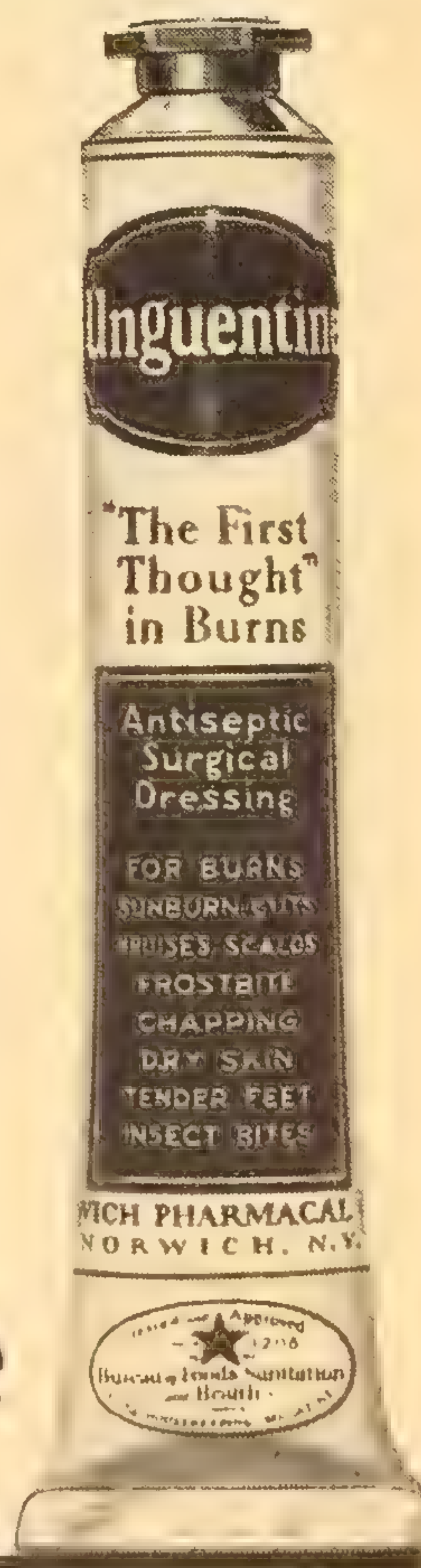
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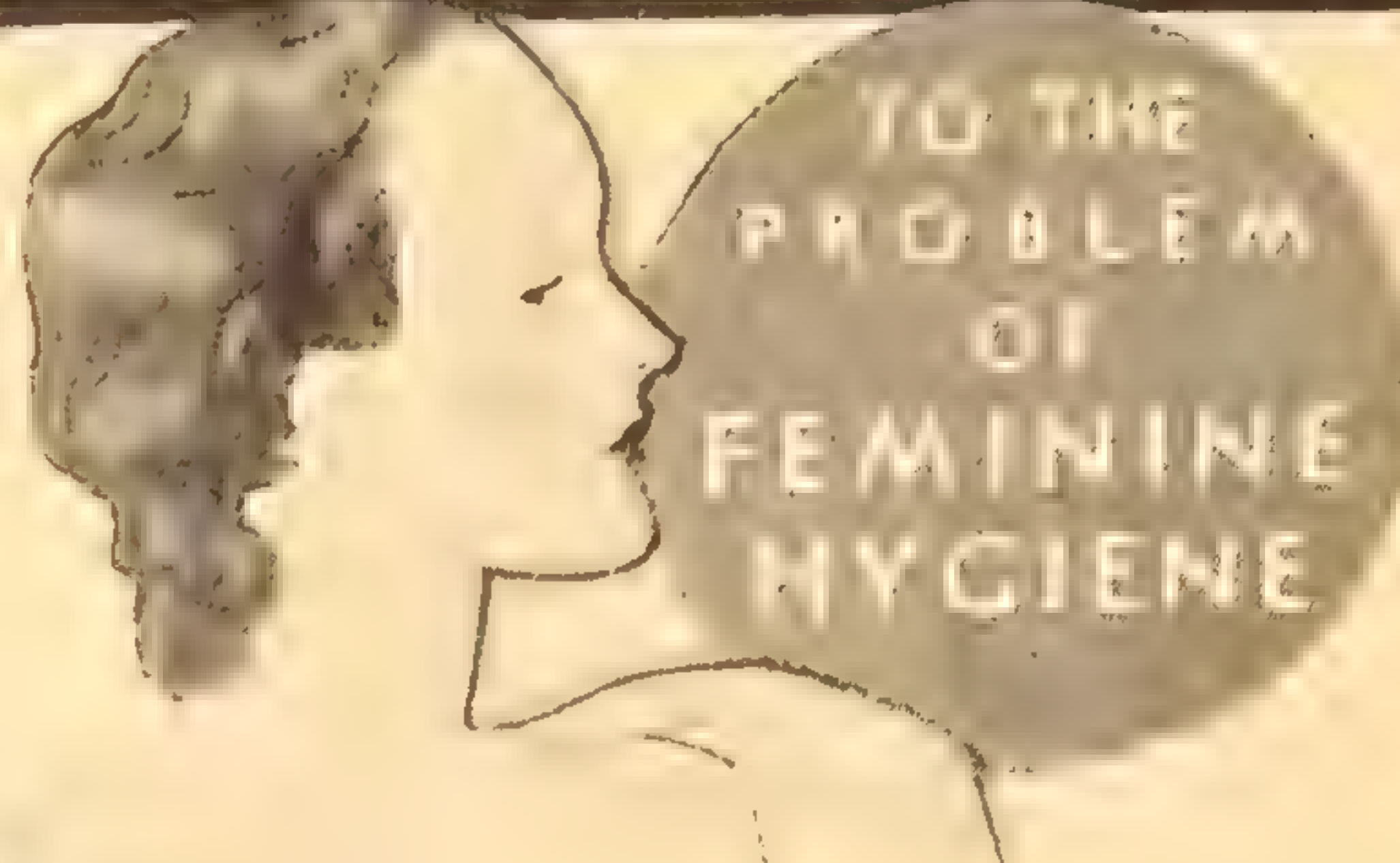
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## Love? It's Just a Jig-Saw Puzzle to Miriam Hopkins!

(Continued from page 34)

again tomorrow. I have learned nothing conclusive from any of these experiences. I have no idea how one goes about the making of a happy marriage."

And that was where Miriam, who has one of those friendly divorces from writer Austin Parker, said she had no idea what love really is, or why—but doesn't intend to worry about it.

"You ask me what I think about the marriage of tomorrow in this changing world we live in," she continued, "and I can only say that I don't even know what is happening to it to-day. I see no solution for the dratted thing! If two professional people marry, one of them—often the husband—is apt to lose his job, his prestige. Which makes the wife the breadwinner and the personage, and puts the husband in the category of something too unpleasant to name. Naturally, he rebels against this from injured pride, or the wife rebels from a sense of contempt and disgust—and there you have it.

### Marriages She Has Seen

"IF, on the other hand, the wife loses her job and her name in electric is dimmed, the husband is still mingling with the famous and beautiful and important people, then jealousy and other conjugal spooks break in. And that, again, is that. Then you take the cases of the 'normal marriage,' where the Little Woman, being unable to do anything else, stays at home and counts the laundry and the long hours of nothing-to-do and waits for hubby to come home for dinner, or not—and, well, I know of dozens of such marriages and in almost every one of them the wife is bored to suicide with the husband and is only staying with him because there is nothing else she can do about it.

"Then consider the modern marriages in which the husband and wife both play about a bit on the outside. In such cases, both are afflicted with guilty consciences and both make it their business to be charming and generous and entertaining and affable to the other, by way of atonement for their little peccadillos. Whenever I see a couple constantly bickering and fighting and ill-humored, I know that they are being absolutely true to one another. You never can tell. Maybe this will be the marriage of tomorrow—a common roof, the mutual care and raising of the children, and freedom otherwise."

Likewise, when I asked the effervescent Miriam what she had to say about this strange distracted world of To-day and Tomorrow, she looked charmingly distracted and said, "It's rather absurd, asking me—a mere actress-person. I would cut a figure, wouldn't I, doing one of those 'Miss Hopkins will now take the floor' sort of things? Because what I might have to say really doesn't matter. I might so easily say something foolish or quite wrong and someone might read it and be foolish enough to believe me and, so, be misled.

### Wants to Be in on Revolution

"I ONLY know or feel that if Technocracy or Communism or any other Ism comes in; if machines replace men and men must find other things to do, face new problems in a new world—then it will be fearfully exciting. I think it will be a dramatic age to live in. *I want to be alive when it happens.* I haven't the slightest fear. I don't want to miss any part of it, that's all. I want to be IN it.

"And I am sure of this much, too, that if



by any chance the price system is changed, if everyone must take less than he has had before, or if equalization of money is the order of the day, the actor and actress will feel it less than any other persons doing any other jobs.

"I know, for instance, a great many 'extras' who are getting and have been getting and probably expect to get for some time to come their seven-fifty a day. Ambition burns in them as fiercely as ever it burned in the heart of a famous star. *And their ambition is not for money.* This much I do know. When they talk, enviously, admiringly of the Clark Gables, the Freddie Marches, the Marlene Dietrichs, they never talk in the terms of the money these stars make. They talk of the work they are doing, of how swell it must be to have the opportunities they have. Their ideals are more passionately important to them than the checks they would receive if their ideals were realized.

"I believe that the actors and actresses of tomorrow, if reward were based on personal satisfaction more than on pay, would feel the way these 'extras' feel now. I know that if I were offered fifty dollars a week and could do the sort of thing I really want to do in the way I really want to do it, working with a small group of intelligent and congenial people, I would be satisfied. I would be more than satisfied; I would be gloriously happy. I am willing to suffer for an ideal where I am not willing to suffer for a salary.

### What You Will Have to Learn

"AND so I think the people of tomorrow will have to learn, as the majority of people in the arts have learned to-day, to do things that are vital to them just for the sake of doing them. If what you do is vital to you, the recompense you get for it, in silver or gold or paper currency, is NOT the most precious thing. Men gave their lives for the Holy Grail, didn't they?—and they never thought of being *paid* for it.

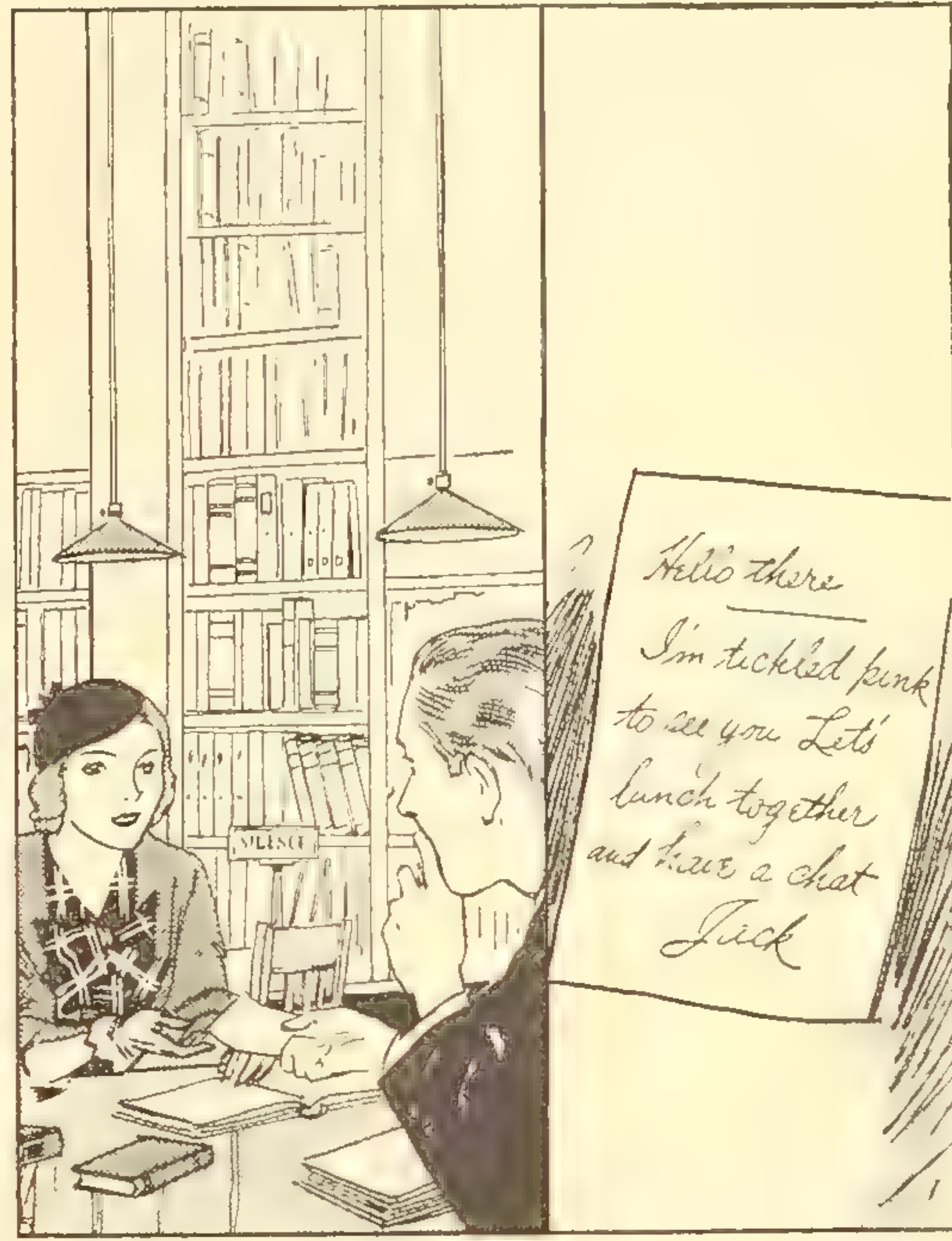
"One really can't have very much ego about working in pictures to-day. We are all, every one of us, parts of a whole and only parts. I like to feel that the making of a picture is something akin to the making of a vast painting or a piece of gigantic sculpture by a Michelangelo. He drafted out the central idea, of course; his was the major share of the work. But he also had his artisans. One of them did a bit of work on an arm or a leg or a part of a torso. Still another filled in an outline here and there until the whole was completed. And so on.

"We do the same, in our way, in the making of pictures. The director is, or should be, the Michelangelo. The rest of us are the artisans—scenarists, cameramen, assistant directors, actors and actresses, 'extras,' scenery designers. If each one of us contributes the best he has to give, we stand a chance of producing something worth while. If any one of us falls down on his bit, there will be something faulty in the construction of the whole. It is necessary for me to feel this way about the making of pictures in order to feel right with myself and my little ego.

"But all this imagining a day when wages will be equal and aristocracy will be built on achievement, not money—this is a Utopian dream. Another one of 'em. Because I do not believe that the American people will ever stand for anything even approaching an equalization of wage. Before that could happen the streets would run red with blood and such a revolution as even the Russians never experienced would be upon us.

"I only *feel* these things. I don't know. I only know that whatever change the future brings, whenever it brings it, I hope I am in the midst of it. I hope I don't miss any of it. I hope I am ALIVE!"

# LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL . . . by Timmins

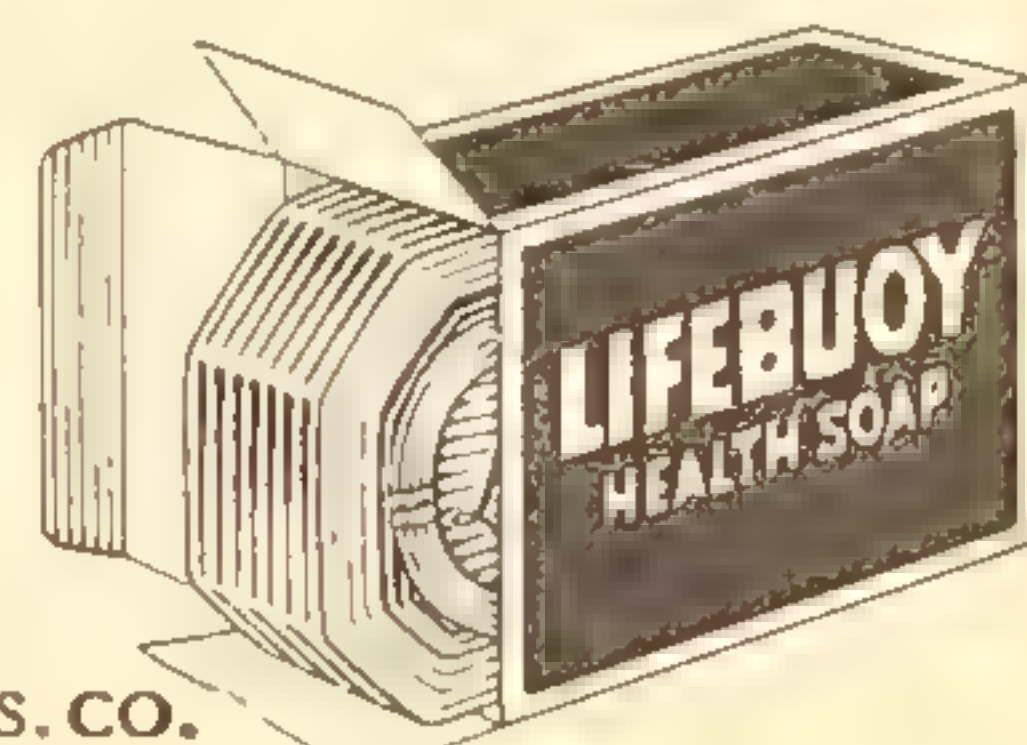


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The beauty editors of the best magazines recommend "Winx—for the eyes."

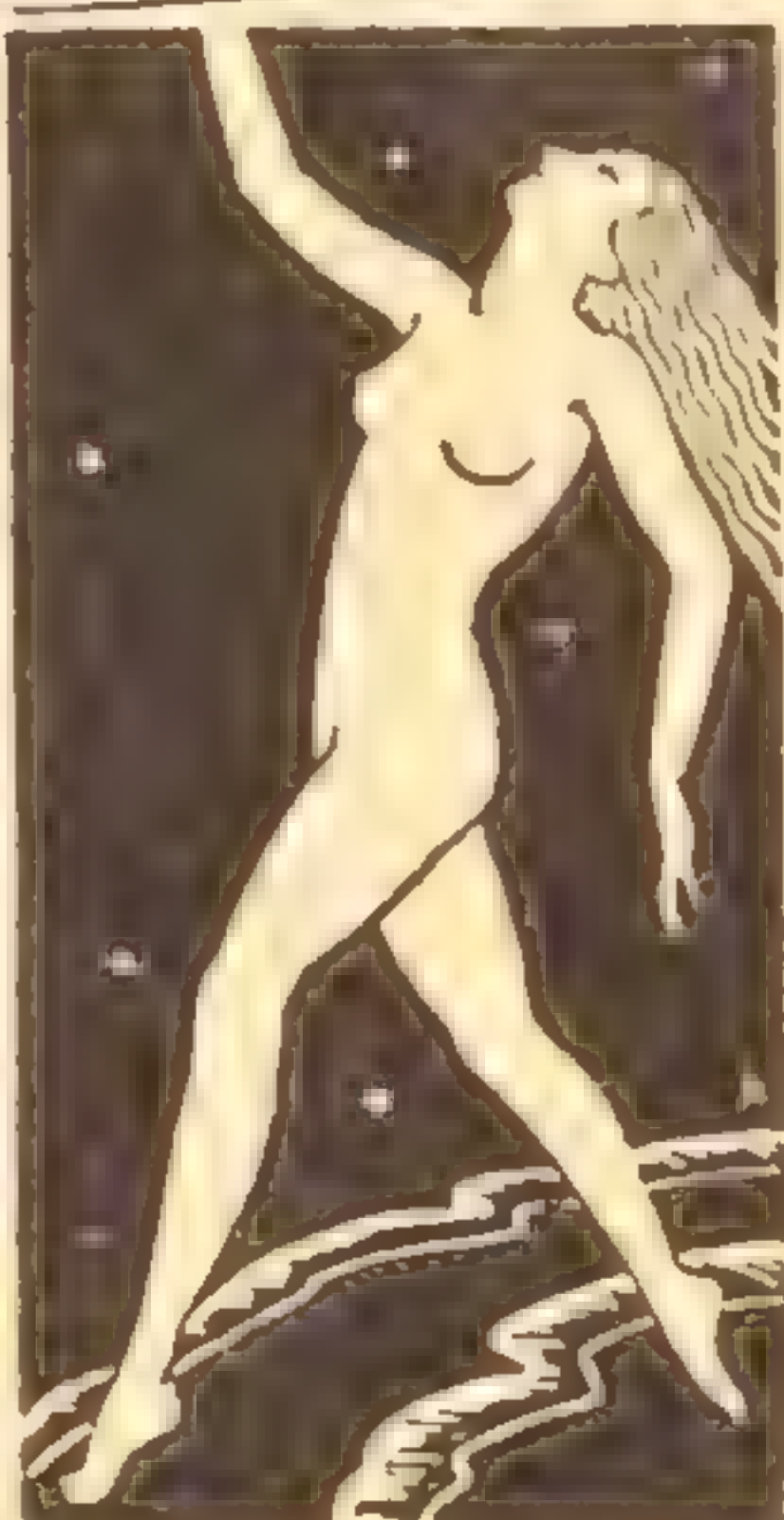
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## Papa and Mama Arlen Won't Let Baby Change Their Lives!

(Continued from page 52)

living room, there is no wifely hysteria from Joby. After all, it's Dick's living room as much as hers. If he wants to put it under an inch of water . . . !

If he is always as restless and unexpected as a firecracker; if he gets violent moods of night-clubbing and movie première-ing, alternated with equally decided moods of "staying home"; if in the middle of the night he decides to start out for San Francisco or Agua Caliente or New York—well, it is all slick with Joby, because it is all part of the excitement of being married to the handsome, restless, temperamental gentleman known as Arlen.

### They Won't Change Afterward

**W**HEN Jobyna Ralston Arlen first realized that she was going to have a baby, she did *not* faint with joy, delight and sheer wonder of the amazing event. She says her first reaction was: "Where in the world is a baby going to fit into our harum-scarum lives?" That, of course, was just the first reaction. She's glad, now, of course—but it isn't that silly unreasoning, hysterical joy that you have had from many other movie ladies who have been, or are, expecting heirs.

"Having a baby is a different problem with every couple," explained Joby, who was waiting for Dick to join us at their town apartment at the *Chateau Elysée*, "and prospective parents should honestly analyze themselves and decide just what sort of parents they are going to be. I know Dick and myself well enough to know that after the baby comes we will keep on being, and living and carrying on, very much the same as now.

"You see, we have been married six years. In that time we have acquired a routine of life—which really isn't a routine at all, but it is our particular method of living. For six years we have been free of most domestic responsibilities. We could come and go as we pleased. We have been as free as the air. If a baby had come the first year we were married, that would have been something else again. Our life would have taken a different pattern. But it is sheer foolishness to expect that the arrival of a baby now will suddenly change the habits of living we have enjoyed for six years. Just because a doctor will soon step out in a hospital corridor and announce to Dick, 'You are now a father,' can that fact *instantaneously* change him from what he is into a doting sit-by-the-fire whose only interest in life is the baby's feeding schedule?

"I can't help wondering what these people who make such a fuss about the advent of their babies do for interest when the *novelty* wears off. I know that children aren't toys to be goo-ed over for six months like some new fad in hats!

"For that reason, we feel that we are really planning for the real future happiness of our child by deciding to have someone competent to take care of the baby and assume most of its responsibilities from the moment it is born."

### Baby Will Pick Its Own Name

"**T**HEN," grinned Dick, himself, who had just burst into the room from the golf tournament, "if its crazy, nutty parents decide to go scrambling off in the middle of the night, the youngster won't miss us!"

He sprawled himself out in a comfortable chair and looked sunburned and slightly gray at the temples, which is one swell combination of looks in a man!



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"We're some would-be parents," he grinned. "Joby hasn't bought a stitch of clothes for the youngster. The other night at the Club New Yorker I got to thinking about the clothes and I asked Jobyna, 'When are you going to get little-womanish and buy a basket of clothes or whatever they call them?' And she said: 'As soon as I'm not so busy hopping around to night-clubs with you.'"

"We decided to go on a rest jaunt. So Joby and Herman and I went up to Arrowhead for the snow and skiing."

"Who's Herman?" I inquired.

"That's the baby," answered the jovial Mr. Arlen. "The Marx Brothers have named it 'Herman.' I suppose that is as good a name as any until the youngster grows up and we can tell what sort of personality he, or she, is assuming. I think it is criminal to tack any sort of a name on a child until it is old enough to see whether that name is going to fit or not. Joby and I have decided not to give our baby a permanent name until it has a chance to take a hand in the thing itself. Believe me, if my parents had consulted me about my name, I would never have gone through the first twenty years of my life under the title of 'Sylvanus.' Do you wonder that I changed it to Dick at the first opportunity?"

"What we really want," said Jobyna, "is for the baby to grow up and fit into our lives—we have had lots of fun living the way we do. We hope the baby will enjoy it, too . . ."

"He'd better," said Dick, "or we'll put him in the movies and make him self-supporting."

Somehow or other, I have a hunch that Herman Arlen is going to have a lot of fun in life! How could he help it with such parents as Joby and Dick?

## How Movie Stars Fight the Gangster Menace

(Continued from page 75)

and wrote a note to the gangsters, telling them that my life was not worth that much. I put the note where I was supposed to leave the money. The answer was a bullet through the window of my living room.

"I notified the authorities and hired private detectives to guard my home. All was quiet for a time. Then, just as we thought the gangsters had decided to let us alone, they entered the house one night and stole a chest of silver that had been in the family for years. And they followed this up by coming again and taking twenty thousand dollars' worth of rugs. They have never bothered me since then. Perhaps it would have been cheaper to pay. But I would not pay a dime of tribute to them if they stole everything I have."

### All These Ignored Threats

EDDIE CANTOR was threatened in New York; in a letter demanding \$5,000. He ignored the demand, but mailed a letter to General Delivery, New York, as he was directed, and the police nabbed the would-be extortionist who came for the letter. Jack Oakie was threatened in Chicago while making a personal appearance. The gangsters demanded \$5,000. Oakie ignored them, but turned the matter over to the theatre officials, who called in the police. That ended the matter. Ruth Chatterton, George Bancroft and Richard Arlen have been threatened—and guards have been their answers.

Victor McLaglen, he-man of the screen, was approached by gangsters while on a trip to New York. They demanded \$5,000 from him. McLaglen thought the matter over briefly and sent them a message, saying, "To H--- with you!" And the gangsters decided not to come to grips with this

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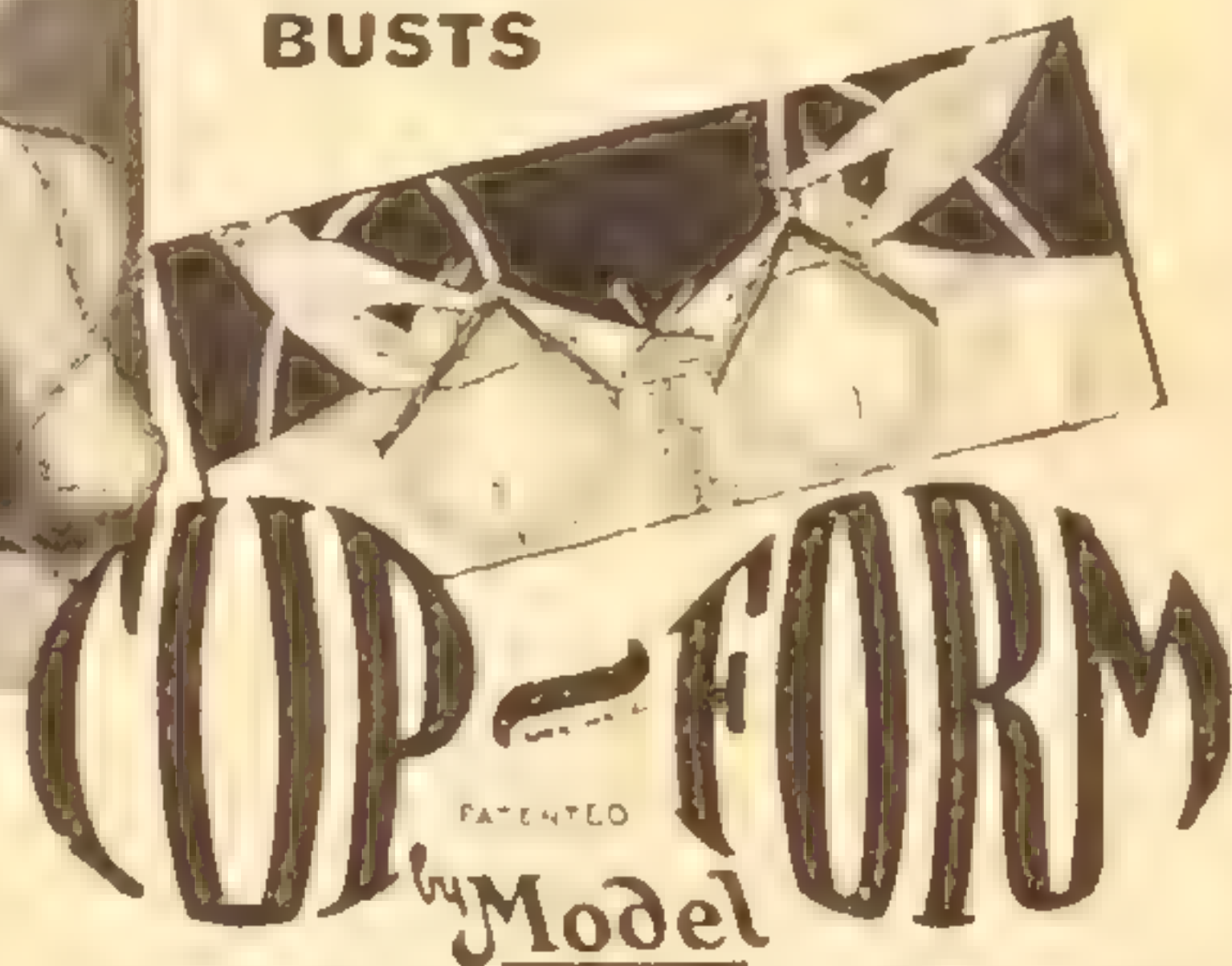
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man who once was in the prize ring as a heavyweight fighter.

Lilian Bond, who has just been made a Wampas Star, got an attack of shivers a while ago when she opened a letter demanding \$5,000, under threat of kidnaping.

"In the first place, I did not have five thousand dollars to give this gangster," Miss Bond told this writer. "And in the second, I figured that the best thing to do would be to defy him. A warm reception awaits any gangster who attempts to invade my home."

In the old days, when a star announced a "robbery," the suspicion of "publicity stunt" hovered over the whole affair. But stars aren't faking robberies these days. They aren't out to attract the attention of gangland, unless there's good cause. When robberies are announced, the police do the announcing; and if the announcements come to the attention of gangsters—so much the better. They will know that Hollywood is getting just that much hotter for them.

### Rise of a New Racket

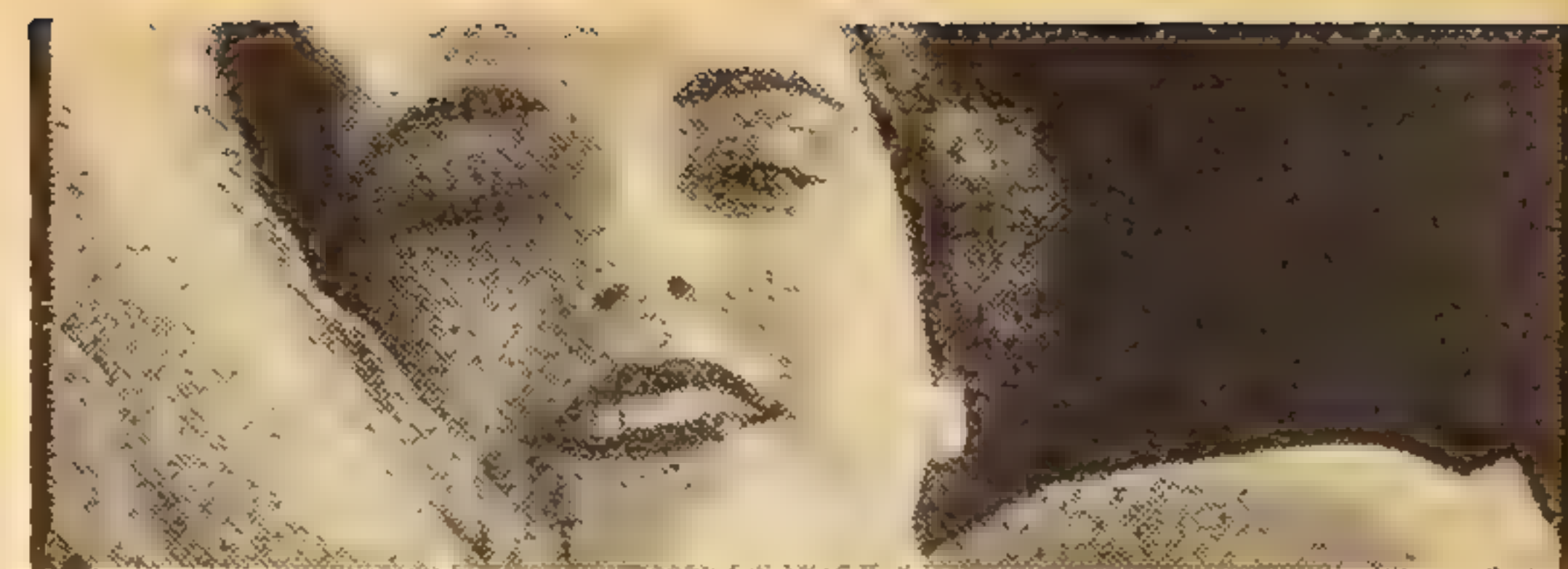
RECENTLY, a gangster, disguised as a messenger, forced his way into Betty Compson's home, bound her and a friend, and got away with \$37,500 worth of jewels. Betty promptly called the police, described the robber. Then she received word from the racketeer that if she called off the police, she would get her jewels back; otherwise, she would be "taken for a ride." Police scented the beginning of a new racket—with gangsters stealing stars' valuables and then returning them upon payment of a fraction of their value. The police stayed on the case. It wasn't long before Betty received a letter with a baggage check enclosed, telling her to take the check to a railroad station, and there she would find a package containing her jewels. And Betty did. The police hunt was getting a little too hot for the robber.

Mae West was held up early one evening while seated in her limousine on a local thoroughfare—the hold-up man taking \$16,000 worth of jewels and \$3,400 in cash. She notified the police at once, and they started laying their net on the quiet; it was several days before news of the robbery "broke" in the newspapers. In this case, as in several of the other recent Hollywood robberies, an "insider" was suspected of tipping off racketeers about what stars had jewels and when they would be wearing them. For this was the first time Mae had worn her jewels in public in Hollywood and the cash represented a sum that she had withdrawn from the bank only that afternoon. Several "tipster" suspects are now under surveillance. No strangers are welcome in studios these days. Studio passes have become almost as hard to get as chances to enter the movies while still unknown.

### Bomb Squad Opens Packages

FEW, if any, stars open their mail personally. And when Marion Davies received a certain package in the mail, her secretary was suspicious of it. Not laughing off their suspicions, Marion and her secretary "played a hunch" and turned it over to detectives. The package contained a bomb. And Marion's experience has taught other stars and their secretaries to let the bomb squad open any suspicious packages. "Prevention" has become Hollywood's favorite word.

Helene Costello, soon after her divorce from Lowell Sherman, was robbed of \$35,000 worth of jewels. Aileen Pringle, together with a friend, was recently robbed in her home by four masked bandits, who got \$1,000 in cash. George Raft came home one evening recently to find that his wardrobe had been rifled of \$1,000 worth of wearing apparel. (George has long had a



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bodyguard—just in case his gangster rôles focussed the attention of some racketeer upon him—but his home, in his absence, was unguarded.) The publicity given all of these cases has put Hollywood more than ever on its guard, and has made the “pickings” harder than ever for the racketeers.

Last year Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman, Jr., whom she is now divorcing, were robbed on a train bound for the East. She gave an excellent description of the highwayman. A suspect fell into the hands of the police, and was charged with the crime. Obviously dreading the ordeal, Marian appeared in court to see if she could identify him. *She did not permit the possibility of underworld reprisals to keep her silent.*

The stars with children, who used to have only nurses or governesses to watch their offspring, now have armed guards, as well. Ann Harding's hilltop home has become an almost impregnable fortress. Marlene Dietrich's windows are adorned with iron grille work. Constance Bennett's home is equipped with burglar alarms. Conrad Nagel's little girl is guarded. Right down the list of Hollywood parents, not one is running any risks. Jackie Cooper is accompanied everywhere by private detectives.

### Forewarned, They Are Forearmed

**M**OST of the stars are not waiting until they are robbed or receive threats before they fight the gangster menace. There are few stars who do not have bodyguards—usually disguised as husky chauffeurs. Many stars have permits to carry guns—and do carry them. They are prepared for gangland. Police patrols have been increased. Underworld hide-outs are being constantly raided. In other words, racketeers are being driven out of Hollywood. For gangsters don't hang out where the “pickings” aren't easy, or where everybody is on the watchout for them. The gangster likes to strike where least expected, where there is no forewarning of his presence, no forearming against his attacks. He preys on the unprotected. And Hollywood, right now, is probably the best protected city in the world.

In an effort to secure the best possible advice for people who may be threatened by the underworld, we asked Police Chief Roy E. Steckel of Los Angeles to tell them what to do. Oddly enough, his advice is almost exactly like that of Al Hill. With an angry smack of his fist on his desk, the Chief shouted:

“If the picture people will not keep these threats secret, we can help. And there will be less trouble with gangland. We have one of the finest police departments in the country here, and we can cope with any gangsters who want to come to grips with us. Just let us use a sawed-off shotgun on only *one* gangster,” the Chief added yearningly, “and gang threats in Hollywood will end, once and for all.

“We will not have gangsters menacing our stars, or anyone else in Hollywood or Los Angeles. We have the business end of a gun waiting for every gangster who wants to step in here and try his racket. And our men can shoot. If a star gets a threat, he or she should at once notify us. We will give adequate protection. We will welcome the job, and we will see that no gangster gets either the star or his money. Secrecy is an aid to gangsters. Publicity, police and sawed-off shotguns will blot them out.”

So that's that, as far as the gangster situation is concerned in the land of the picture stars. Not a dime has been paid. Not a dime will be paid. Gangland will not be tolerated. Gangsters are being met by guns—the only argument they understand. For the stars have banded together for armed protection, like the Vigilantes of an earlier California.



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## Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

wear them, and not to be too anticipatory, they might not fit the NEXT Mrs. Ayres.

A little pathetic, this particular divorce. Just two years ago Lola and Lew were insisting that they couldn't live without each other. And, at the divorce, someone testified that Lew had called Lola a “dumb cluck.”

No one said what Lola answered to that—and Lola is not the meek girl who would have no comeback to a crack like that.

ONE of the new Hollywood cocktails bears the imaginative and alluring title of “Fallen Angel.” Two of 'em and you don't care. And, by the way, we're glad to see that someone is going to glorify a great American institution. Columbia is filming “The Cocktail Hour.”

ROMANCE isn't what it's cracked up to be—particularly in the land of cinematic make-believe. David Manners, appearing opposite Elissa Landi in “The Warrior's Husband,” made an appearance at a party the other day with his hands badly cut and bruised.

“What happened and whom did you hit?” someone asked.

“It wasn't a fight,” replied Dave, “I got it in the picture, making love to a woman wearing a suit of armor.”

IF we had the money and the time we'd have loved to be on that freighter which carried Constance Bennett and her husband, the Marquis, through the Panama Canal and thence to Europe. We'd like to know, for instance, what the Sam Hill a Marquis and a Marquise could do with their spare time on a thirty days' voyage on a freighter. Somehow, we can't picture Connie traveling in any less luxury than the royal suite on the *Berengaria*. There were only eleven other passengers on the freighter, and after Connie had signed those eleven autograph books what ELSE could be done?

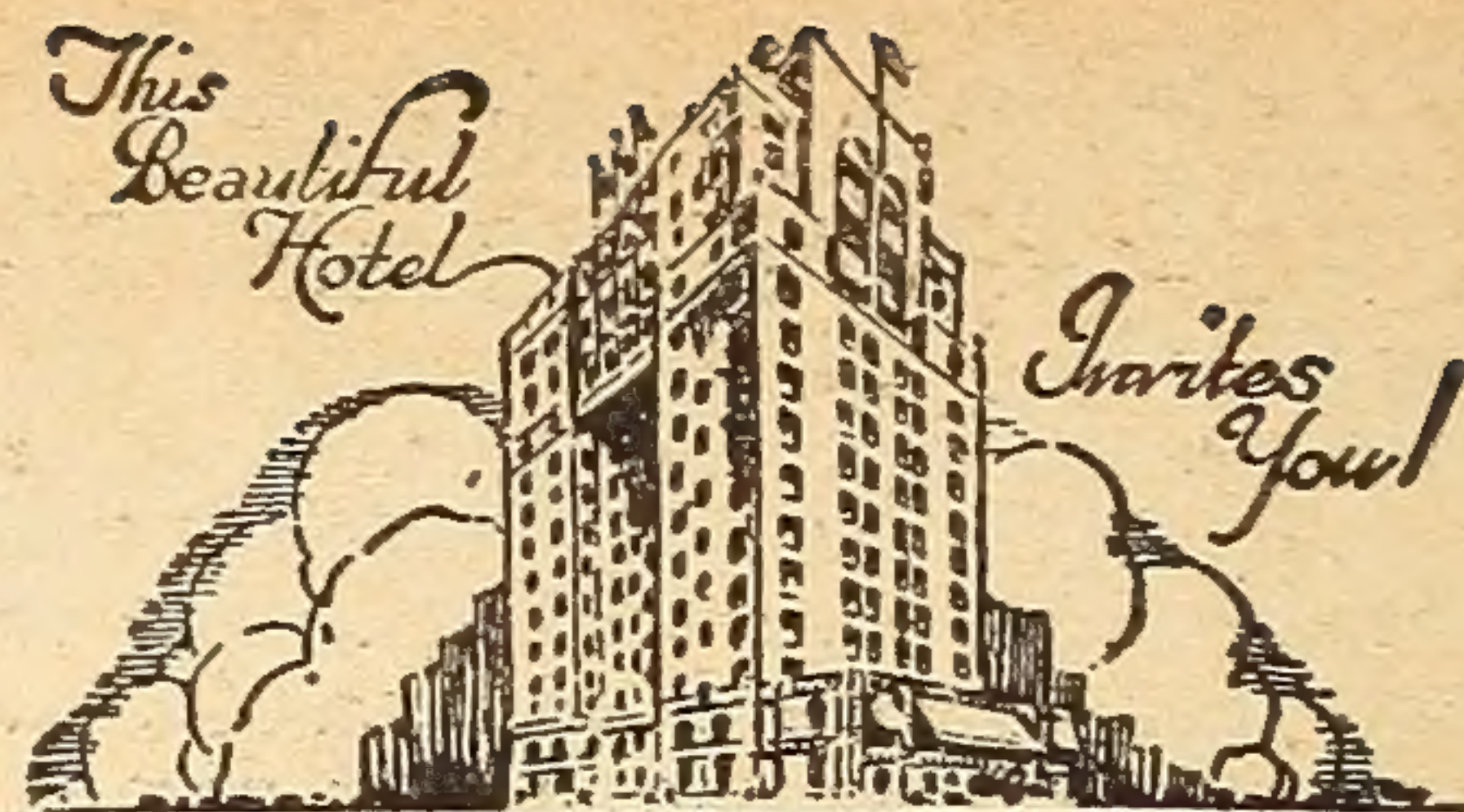
There was a little difficulty about the Marquis' passport. It seemed that it read that he was the husband of Gloria Swanson. He couldn't very well go traipsing about with Connie under those circumstances. However, the change was made, and everything was hunky-dory, or in this case, of course, ship-shape.

Huh, betcha wouldn't catch Gloria Swanson traveling on a freighter. She took her title seriously.

MOST stars usually indulge in a little whoopee the day that the option is renewed. Sometimes it is a new car or an ermine coat, sometimes it's a party, and occasionally the grocer gets paid just by way of extra celebration. But Alison Skipworth had ideas of her own. When Paramount told her that she'd be sticking around for at least another six months the Skipworth lady went out and bought a lemon tree. Moreover she planted it in her own back yard. A lemon tree was what she had always wanted, and never had.

PARAMOUNT is making a mystery thriller now wherein the big surprise is finding a young lady, frozen to death aboard a yacht in the South Seas, and the time is mid-summer.

Well, they can JUST figure it out, too. We don't even want to know. But did Boris Karloff wander over from Universal, by any chance?



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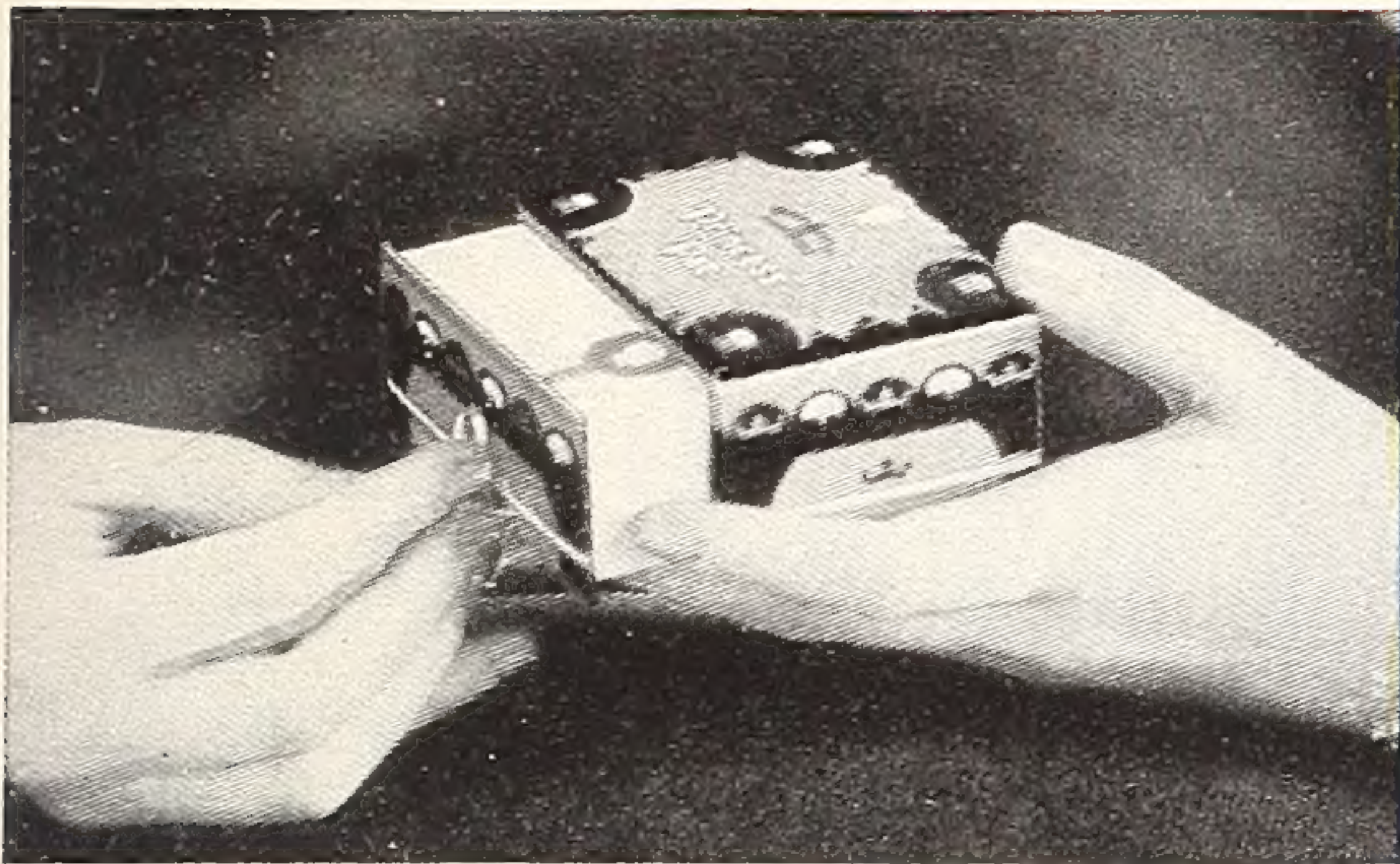
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BY PATRICIA GORDON

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